ARPASIA;

OR, THE

WANDERER.

A

NOVEL.

By the AUTHOR of the NABOB.

In THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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M DCC LXXXVI.

ARPASIA;

OR, THE

WANDERER.

CHAP. XXVII.

A Country Acquaintance revived.

SIR WILLIAM WELBANK left a party he was with, to join them in the ſecond round — and felt highly gratified that, although ſurrounded with beaux, Arpaſia ſeemed to liſten with freedom to no one but Mr. Travers, whom ſhe walked next; and who, though he might be an obſect of envy to the baronet, could not be of jealouſy. That paſſion however

he was doomed to feel in the courſe of the evening; for a Mr. Clavering, a young man of conſiderable property in Worceſterſhire, from whom an overture of marriage had been refuſed by Arpaſia, though the acquaintance had been kept up in a civil but ſlight degree ever ſince, recogniſed his fair countrywomen, and with viſible pleaſure took the firſt opportunity of paying his devoir to her. He recollected Lady Derville too, with whom he had danced three or four times at different aſſemblies, when a girl of the Caſtle.

ARPASIA was no otherwiſe diſpleaſed at this rencontre than only as it brought painful circumſtances to her mind; but Mr. Clavering not hinting the leaſt of being even acquainted with them, ſhe preſently recovered from her embarraſſment, and joined in the converſation with eaſe and chearfulneſs. He told her he had come to town that morning, as there was a call of the houſe for the next day—and that he meant to ſtay till after the 4th of June. In the

in-

interim he ſhould, if not forbidden, take the liberty of renewing his acquaintance with Lady Derville, by leaving a card at her houſe, to which he ſhould be further induced, now he knew who was her gueſt. She was going to ſay ſomething rather diſqualifying, but Charlotte prevented her, by telling him ſhe ſhould be happy to ſee him; and having fixed Saturday night for a party, would certainly ſend him a card, and depended on not being diſappointed.

Sir William, who really, and perhaps was not much miſtaken, thought her the loveliеſt woman he had ever ſeen, and who had a mind capable of diſcerning and adoring her ineſtimable qualities of the heart, felt truly wretched at this renewal. He could plainly ſee that Clavering, if not a favoured one, was ſtill a lover—and he judged of her, as he might with juſtice of too many women, that as her own fortune was ſo much reduced, ſhe would liſten to the advances of a young man, whoſe character was no ways reprehenſible—and

whoſe eſtabliſhment was a very good one. Tormented with that fiend, jealouſy, he loſt all reliſh for the place. The muſic, the company, all was out of tune and dull. So true is it— that

'Tis not in itſelf the gay proſpect can pleaſe,
We only can taſte, when the heart is at eaſe.

ARPASIA, by a propriety of conduct, which made her behave with civility and attention to every body, was filling one of their boſoms with pleaſing hopes, and reducing the other's to deſpair—not knowing herſelf that ſhe was doing either by any mortal on earth.

SIR WILLIAM had the advantage in this inſtance over his rival. He had left the party he came with, and had joined theirs ſometime before Mr. Clavering made his appearance. He could not therefore wreſt from him the pleaſure of handing her to the carriage, which he made Lady Derville believe was ready long before it was called, to get them out of the great room, that he might have the ſole pleaſure of talking to

Arpaſia,

Arpaſia, except her old flirt, as Charlotte called Mr. Travers. Seeing her ſo well attended, Mr. Clavering could have no pretence for following her.

Sir William, as long as he had prevented the other from enjoying her converſation, he the more eaſily relinquiſhed an intention he had formed of crouding himſelf into their coach. However, not being preſſed to do ſo, he waited quietly till his own chariot came up, having no inclination of going back into a room, which had now to him loſt all its brilliancy.

CHAP. XXVIII.

The Introduction.

THE next morning, after breakfaſt, Lady Derville ſtepped into the library, to write a note about the dreſs of all dreſſes that took up almoſt all her thoughts, and which a hint from Arpaſia had much improved in her ideas; the latter was diverting herſelf in the breakfaſt room with the ſweet little Auguſta, whom ſhe had requeſted of the nurſe to leave with her—and who already was ſo fond of her (a ſtrong proof that gratitude is inherent with our nature) that ſhe would turn at the ſound of her voice, and ſtretch out her little hands to beg careſſes. While ſhe was thus engaged, ſitting with her back to the door, ſhe hardly attended to its opening, when the voice of an utter ſtranger to her,

her, ſaid in a lively tone, "How happy "am I to ſee you thus employed." She turned quick, and beheld the moſt elegant figure of a man that fancy could form. The aſtoniſhment however that ſeized him was ſtill greater than hers, if the alteration of his countenance marked the ſenſations of his mind; for he thought as ſhe was ſitting ſhe had been Lady Derville. He bowed with the utmoſt embarraſſment, and begged to know if Lady Derville, his wife, was in the next room. Arpaſia, who felt rather aukwardly, opened the door, calling to her friend, and informing her of the welcome arrival of his lordſhip—"Charlotte," ſaid he, a little recovered, "I had like to have made a ſad miſtake. "Do you know I was within a moment of "running up to this lady, and, as I thought, "embracing my ſweet little girl in her "mother's arms?"

"I ſhould at leaſt keep her no longer "from your's, my lord," ſaid Arpaſia,

giving the child to him, whom he kiſſed with rapture.

"THAT lady," ſaid Charlotte, "is the "firſt and beſt friend I ever had; I hope, "my lord, you will approve my choice. "Give me leave to introduce Lord Der- "ville to you, my dear Arpaſia; and you, "my lord, I hope will look on Miſs Han- "bury as doing honour to us in this "viſit." After a few compliments, ſuch as are uſual on theſe occaſions, Arpaſia thought it would be proper to leave the good folks to themſelves, who might have ſomething to ſay after more than a fort-night's abſence, propoſed carrying Auguſta to her nurſe. Lord Derville ſeemed unwilling to part with his little charge, but on Arpaſia's ſaying ſhe had promiſed to return it at that time, he made no far-ther efforts to keep it; but imprinting a tender kiſs, reſtored it to the blooming and lovely friend of his wife.

AFTER ſome converſation, by which Lord Derville was made acquainted with the

the character of Miſs Hanbury, though ſo faſhionable did this pair live, that ſhe had never before mentioned her name to him, he thought it a point of politeneſs to take a more particular notice of her, and for that purpoſe attended his wife to her dreſſing-room, where they found Arpaſia.

"I AM impatient, Madam," ſaid he, "to be ſufficiently intimate with you, to "be juſtified in telling you how happy I "am to find ſuch a companion with Lady "Derville. I have been quarrelling with "her, for never before having brought "me acquainted with you. Could I have "believed ſhe had been in poſſeſſion of "ſuch a treaſure, we would have jointly "ſtormed the Caſtle more than once in "the year and a half that we have been "married."

SHE made a ſuitable reply, and they entered into a lively converſation. Lady Derville told him his aunt, Lady Anne, would take him to taſk for never having written. "Indeed," ſaid he, "you know

" it is your own fault. You ſaid you " ſhould be wandering—and if I wrote, " you ſhould not have time to anſwer, ſo " I had but little encouragement. I filled " up my time too pretty well. Hawley " will tell you ſome ſtrange ſtories he " ſwears, but do not believe him. He " may gueſs, but I defy him to know. " Married men, Miſs Hanbury, never " make confidants of young fellows."

" Is Sir James come to town?" aſked Charlotte.

" Oh! yes, the call of the houſe " brought us both up. I muſt make " myſelf ready to go, but firſt muſt " call on my father. Have you ſeen Lord " Carberry?" ſaid he, addreſſing Arpaſia.

" No, ſhe has not," replied Lady Derville. " Miſs Hanbury has been with me " only three days; and I do not know " what his lordſhip has done with himſelf, " for he was not either at Lady Beding- " ton's, or her Grace of Newport's. If I " had

" had looked in at Brookes's, perhaps," ſmiling, " we might have met with him."

" THE more is the pity" ſaid Lord Derville, " we cannot however have perſons " or things as we wiſh in this world."

" FOR heaven's ſake," cried Charlotte, " none of your horrid moral reflections ; " the world, as we contrive to make it, " is a very pleaſant one. I wiſh for " nothing altered, for my part—but my " dreſs for next Monday. The deuce " take Paulin's people, why do they not " come ?"

" WELL, I muſt be gone," ſaid his lordſhip, looking at his watch — " It is a " ſad ſacrifice we make to politics to leave " ſuch company ; but when we are " engaged in theſe matters, they muſt be " purſued."

" AND what time do you break up ?

" HEAVEN knows ! between this and " your breakfaſt hour I ſuppoſe," Then, bowing he took his departure.

"WELL, how do you like my lord," ſaid Charlotte.

"OF all men I ever ſaw, he is the hand-
"ſomeſt." anſwered Arpaſia.

"LORD! Do you think ſo? His perſon
"is very well; but I think I ſee as hand-
"ſome men every day."

"IT amazes me, Charlotte, you can
"ſpeak of him with ſuch indifference."

"OH! he would ſpeak juſt the ſame of
"me. Conſider, we have been married
"almoſt eighteen months; and I dare ſay
"we ſhould not have broken one night's
"ſleep if we had not been married at all."

"DID you not write me word you
"ſtood the faireſt chance of being the
"happieſt of women?"

"To be ſure. Have I not every thing
"to make me ſo?"

"WHAT, without loving your huſband
"and poſſeſſing his heart?"

"LORD, my dear Arpaſia, what a child
"you are in theſe matters. Loving my
"huſband! I wonder how many women
"you

" you have ſeen ſince you came to town
" who love their huſbands?—why when I
" wrote you that letter, I had not ſeen my
" lord but once, and never exchanged ten
" words with him. It was a marriage of
" negociation—His father and mine ſettled
" it between themſelves—and it was lucky
" for us, as we were obliged to live de-
" cently together, that we were neither
" blind or halt."

" So your father then never thought of
" conſulting your heart in the buſineſs!"

" NEVER—he told me, he ſuppoſed I
" could form no objection to ſuch a pro-
" poſal—I certainly could not—the eſta-
" bliſhment was a moſt deſirable one, and
" I acceeded to it with pleaſure."

" BEFORE you knew what kind of a man
" your huſband was to be?"

" OH! no, I had heard he was agree-
" able, good humoured and faſhionable—
" In ſhort, that his figure was ſuch as I
" need not be aſhamed of."

" FINE foundations for love—eſpecially
" the latter articles." " BUT

"But, my dear Arpaſia, what had love
"to do in the caſe?—Only conceive our
"ſituations; two young perſons brought
"together, every thing previouſly ſettled
"by their reſpective fathers; for the ex-
"preſs purpoſe of being married.—He had
"certainly as little to diſlike on my ſide,
"as I on his—we ſaw one another now
"and then. He attended me to the opera,
"danced with me at Willis's—and in a-
"bout ſix weeks I was announced Lady
"Derville. So there you have the whole
"hiſtory before you."

"You married your Lord then with-
"out knowing the leaſt of his ſentiments
"for you?"

"Just as much as I do now, I aſſure
"you."

"But when his wife, did you not en-
"deavour to gain his heart?"

"Lord, my dear, how you talk—Why,
"we try to gain hearts, to get huſbands—
"we do not expect our huſbands to fall
"in love with us after we are married.—

"But

"But really you country miſſes have ſuch "notions of love and marriage."

"My notion is, they ſhould never be "ſeparated—I ſhould ſuppoſe happineſs "could never exiſt without a great por-"tion of that ingredient."

"Now I think contrary from you, and "as you know I am an experienced ma-"tron, my opinion may have ſome weight "—and let me bring my lord and myſelf "as an inſtance.—We live together in "great good humour—he never ſaid a "harſh word to me in his life, and you "know I am not apt to be fretful. I do "every thing that I like—he does the "ſame—we meet without all that rapture, "that looks ſo pretty on paper; but is "very ſeldom realized—but then to ba-"lance that, we part without pain or diſ-"quietude—What could you wiſh for hap-"pier?"

"Oh! nothing, in this world," cried Arpaſia, laughing—"I think you the moſt "enviable people in it."

At

At that inſtant a ſervant brought Arpaſia a note from Mr. Jameſon, the counſellor ſhe had applied to, with ſignification that he would wait on her in the evening.—She apologized to her friend for not being able to attend her where ſhe was going. And then they ſettled it, that they ſhould never reſtrain each other; Arpaſia obſerving with a ſmile, it would be hard the bonds of friendſhip ſhould be more binding than thoſe of marriage—and ſhe would not abridge her friend of a privilege which her huſband allowed.

When Arpaſia was alone, ſhe could not help reflecting with pain on the inſenſibility Charlotte diſcovered. A marriage without an union of hearts, ſeemed to her a ſhocking ſtate—and that two young perſons could live together unattached by love, was to her almoſt incredible. She was hurt too, that Charlotte ſhould never have mentioned her to her huſband—what no confidence?—Oh! how different did ſhe deem of matrimony—The firſt, the

nobleſt of inſtitutions, and the only one productive of permanent happineſs, when affection, and a thorough conviction of each others worth, had blended love and and eſteem to ſuſtain them through the chances and changes of life—to be all the world to each other—to read each others ſentiments—to prevent the wiſh,

" E'er 'twas half form'd !"

Such were her ideas of the married life, and from thoſe ideas ſhe had continued ſingle till her twentieth year—" and ſo I will " for ever," ſaid ſhe, " if I do not meet " with a man with whom I can realize my " ſchemes—notwithſtanding my too lively " Charlotte ſays ſuch deſcriptions of hap- " pineſs is ſeen only on paper."—She then thought how *ſhe* ſhould have conducted herſelf, had fate drawn ſo unpleaſant a lot for her—as having a man brought to her view—and to know before hand that he muſt be her huſband—when ſhe found that in the exterior, ſhe could diſcover no fault, how deſirous ſhould ſhe have been of developing

veloping his mind—and ſeeing any thing in it congenial to her own; how ſolicitous ſhould ſhe have been of obtaining his heart —of becoming the deareſt thing to him on earth—of taſting the exquiſite pleaſure of loving and being beloved! — "Oh!" cried ſhe, "what happineſs have theſe two "had in their power—how is it poſſible "they ſhould have been formed without "hearts?"

The buſineſs of the houſe was over time enough for Lord Derville to do the honours of his table—where was Sir James Hawley, and Mr. Travers, who being deſirous of ſeeing his nephew—took the firſt opportunity of coming.—The converſation was ſprightly and pleaſing—Lord Derville was in excellent ſpirits, and treated Arpaſia with the moſt marked attention and polite freedom.—His manners were uncommonly pleaſing—his ſenſe ſolid—his remarks judicious.—Arpaſia was more and more aſtoniſhed at the indifference Charlotte had diſcoverd.

They

THEY ſeparated ſoon after dinner, as Lady Derville had an engagement—and between ſeven and eight Arpaſia expected Mr. Jameſon.

SHE received but little ſatisfaction from her conference with him—the tedioufneſs and prolixity of the law, ſo hedged in with ambiguity and circumlocation, tired and perplexed her—when ſhe might have been informed in ſix words that there was no chance of her ſucceeding to her claim of her ſettlement, when the letter of the law was ſo clearly againſt her, and the principles of the preſent poſſeſſor ſo oppoſite to equity and juſtice.

WHILE with her learned council—Lord Derville looked into the drawing-room, and entreated, if not an interruption, ſhe would indulge him with taking his coffee with her—ſhe felt herſelf pleaſed with his intention—and having no wiſh of concealing her ſituation from a man, who even in their ſhort acquaintance ſeemed to take a friendly intereſt in her concerns, ſhe with the

ſweeteſt

eſt ſmile informed him of the diſagreeable buſineſs ſhe was upon.

THE ſympathetic glow of compaſſion that heightened the brilliancy of his features, gave her the ſtrongeſt indications of his having a good heart—ſhe found herſelf inclined to make him her friend—and anſwered all his enquiries with the utmoſt confidential freedom.

HE looked, and was really delighted with the honour ſhe did him—he entered into the buſineſs with Mr. Jameſon—and begged they might have the opinion of the crown lawyers on the caſe.—The counſellor ſoon after tea took his leave—Lord Derville ſat with Arpaſia near two hours, converſing on various topics, and then ſeemed unwilling to relinquiſh the pleaſure of her company; but was under the neceſſity of paſſing the evening with ſome friends at Weltjie's.

THEY parted mutually pleaſed with each other—and more ſo in effect than either thought. There was no chance of ſeeing Lady

Lady Derville that night; ſo, after compoſing her mind with a book, ſhe retired to bed and to peaceful ſlumbers.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

The Incognito.

ON the following day was Lady Derville's aſſembly, which was brilliant and numerous.—Mr. Clavering took care to be there early, and hardly ever left the ſide of Arpaſia.—His attention was too particular to be overlooked—Lord Derville came up to her ſmiling, and begged to be introduced to ſo favoured a friend, as that gentleman appeared to be—ſhe aſſured him Mr. Clavering was there, on his lady's invitation, and wiſhing to get rid of a man, ſhe had not learnt the art of being rude to, pretended having ſome buſineſs with his lordſhip, that would require a moment's private converſation. Lord Derville felt himſelf too happy not to avail himſelf of ſo fortunate an opportunity of chatting

chatting with her—and to quiet the mind of Mr Clavering, who appeared of cloudy aſpect—ſaid to him, "You muſt com-"mend the prudence of this young lady, "ſir—ſhe has done me the honour of ma-"king me her guardian." The laugh this ſally produced, reſtored good humour—and Arpaſia was relieved from the particular notice which had before diſtreſſed her. The evening paſſed off tolerably well with Arpaſia—though ſhe was not ſorry when the rooms were cleared. On the ſucceeding Monday they were to go to the Pantheon—almoſt the whole day was taken up in forming dreſſes, which from ſo fluctuating a mind as Lady Derville's, were altered many times, but at laſt ended in an elegant fancied one.—She had in her own idea formed half a dozen characters, but changed her reſolution before the evening commenced—Arpaſia had determined to be as ſimply attired as poſſible, without attempting a character of any kind—A total ſtranger to the ſpecies of amuſement, and equally

equally a ſtranger to the perſons who compoſed the motley crew, ſhe would have been wholly unfit to ſupport any—and her good ſenſe pointed out to her the abſurdity of acting a part without one requiſite for excelling — ſhe little thought how many drowſy harlequins, freſh-water ſailors, jumping friars, and witleſs Falſtaffs ſhe ſhould meet with in this heterogeneous groupe.—Her dreſs received very little alteration from what ſhe had already worn, except that inſtead of black ornaments, ſhe ſubſtituted light blue ribbands—A hat of the ſame colour, with white feathers.—Thus attired, ſhe might have been taken for Hebe, ever blooming.

A MASQUERADE was a kind of entertainment, that Lord Derville did not like—It ſuited not his taſte; and having ſome affairs to ſettle, and above all, wiſhing to have the reſult of Mr. Jameſon's conſultation with the Attorney and Solicitor General, excuſed himſelf from attending the ladies. He ſat with them part of the evening, but took

took his leave two hours before they ſallied forth to the midnight revels.

A SCENE ſo new to Arpaſia, ſtruck her with ſurprize and wonder; for the principal room was filled with all the various inhabitants of the earth aſſembled together—Jews, Turks and Infidels: the brilliancy of the illuminations, the magnificence and ſize of the room, the ſplendour of the dreſſes, and the profuſion of jewels, gave her the ſtrongeſt idea of the riches and greatneſs of the nation—while the jargon ſhe heard—the follies ſhe ſaw, made her with a ſigh, regret the childiſh levity and trifling taſte, which ſeemed to prevail on thoſe who compoſed ſo great a part of it.

So few characters were well ſuſtained, that ſhe frequently turned away with diſguſt, not having patience to anſwer the ſilly queſtions that were repeatedly put to her—Lady Anne Travers had kindly promiſed to keep with her as much as poſſible—but they had made the ſmall octagon room, a place of rendezvous in caſe of ſe-

paration; which in ſuch a crowd, where you could hardly diſcriminate your own company, was very likely to happen.—An old Fortune-teller addreſſed our heroine with the uſual cant of the profeſſion; but as he ſeemed more like a character than any other ſhe had ſeen, ſhe entered into chat with him. He told her he was in poſſeſſion of a mirror that would ſhew every perſon as they really were—"Oh! for "mercy's ſake then," ſaid ſhe, "keep it "ſafe leſt you ſhould frighten us with our "true reſemblances." "You, at leaſt," ſaid a blue Domino near her, "might look "into it without danger—unleſs indeed, "the danger that proved fatal to Nar-"ciſſus."

"And you," ſhe replied, "would no "doubt ſee the figure of ſincerity perſoni-"fied, if you was to view yourſelf in the "glaſs."—"But, ſhall I tell you your "fortune?" ſaid the conjuror—"I will "point out to you who you ſhould avoid, "whom you may truſt—come, my pretty

"maid,

" maid, let me look in the palm of your " hand—I will tell you ſurpriſing things."

" I DO not doubt you," ſaid ſhe, laughing.—" But I do," ſaid the blue Domino, " —whereas, ſimple as my appearance is, " I am very learned in the occult ſciences " —have traverſed *the Andes vaſt and de-* " *ſarts wild*, and have called knowledge " from the Eaſtern magi. Will you, ſweet " lady, truſt yourſelf under my care for a " few moments?—I will convince you by " relating ſome circumſtances well known " to you, that my knowledge is not im- " perfect—without the exteriors of a long " beard and ebon wand, I can penetrate " deep into the receſſes of time—The paſt, " the preſent, and the future, are all re- " vealed to me—I am of the Roſicruſian " order — will you admit me as your " Sylph?"

ARPASIA found ſhe had now ſome chance of entertainment, from the altercation that took place between theſe two reſearchers in the book of fate: each claiming the

greateſt knowledge.—They at length reſolved ſhe ſhould decide on their reſpective merits—and the old man urged his right to precedence both from age, and having addreſſed the lady firſt—the other was obliged to ſhow his claim, though he declared the lady had never been out of his mind's eye ſince he had firſt beheld her.

"Do you know me then?" ſhe aſked—"Oh! I have a linx's eye," he replied, "and can develop thoſe beauties, the envious maſk conceals—I can look further "—I can view the beauties of the mind, "and diſcover every latent charm that "captivates mankind."

"Stop, ſtop," cried the other—"you "forget it is my turn to ſpeak firſt."—He then began to inform her, that ſhe had ſeveral lovers, who were on the point of declaring themſelves to her—but one in particular, who ſhe ſeemed to favour moſt, was leaſt intitled to her regard—and ſuch common place topics, that ſhe declared ſhe was quite ſatisfied with his abilities, and had

had loſt the inclination of a further trial of the other's ſkill—but he would not be beat off—" Why will you be ſo cruel," ſaid he, " to condemn me unheard?"

" Hear all, and then let juſtice hold the ſcale."

She anſwered from the ſame poet—

" The common cant of beggars every day,
" Who flock about men's doors and tell the fools
" Their fortunes."—

" Oh! but I have ſuch a tale to tell"—he replied, and then drawing her a little aſide, he ſaid in a low voice, " I will be the " mirror of truth that my opponent boaſted " being poſſeſſed of. I have ſeen you, " when I have been unnoticed.—I have " ſeen and adored your benevolence; " thinkeſt thou that the benediction that " paſſed thoſe lovely lips, when your " bounty, from a purſe no longer wealthy, " was beſtowed on a white-headed old " man, in the vale of Eveſham; thinkeſt " thou, angelic creature, its ſweetneſs was " loſt on the deſart air? Oh! no—the " heavenly ſounds reached my heart,"

cried he, preſſing his hand on his breaſt—" and made it yours for ever."

She was going to ſpeak—but waving his hand, he went on—" I have marked the " ſublime philoſophy with which you dig- " nified proſperity, and ſupported your- " ſelf in adverſity.—Surely ſome future " good fortune muſt await you—ſuch " piety, ſuch exalted benevolence, as have " marked the footſteps of the lovely Ar- " paſia, muſt be the peculiar care of hea- " ven; and doubt not, fair maid, that you " will one day rejoice that you have had " theſe trials."

" That you know me—I can plainly " learn," ſaid ſhe—" Ought you not to " tell me who you are?—I can gueſs one " perſon; yet the incident you ſpeak of in " Eveſham vale, puzzles me"—" I will " tell you, becauſe I think it will give you " pleaſure, that I have been at the cot- " tages in the beautiful glade you had ſo " much delight in over-looking.—I had " the ſupreme happineſs of cheering the

" hearts

" hearts of the worthy inhabitants—and " liſtening—Oh! I could have liſtened " for ever—to your praiſe."—Arpaſia, all aſtoniſhment, repeatedly requeſted him to unmaſk.

" Ask me not what I muſt ever refuſe," ſaid he—" I am your faithful adorer:— " While I am thus concealed, I may call " myſelf ſo.—Were I revealed to you—I " muſt baniſh myſelf for ever—or what " would be worſe, be hated by you."—A thouſand conjectures filled her mind—ſhe had for ſometime ſuppoſed him to be Mr. Clavering; but ſhe had ſeen that gentleman paſs her without his maſk—a few moments before.—This laſt ſpeech led her to think it was Edward Hanbury—but the circumſtance of having heard her voice when ſhe gave the half guinea, deſtroyed that idea—for though *ſhe* might have been ſo engaged as not to obſerve any one paſſing, her maid would have certainly noticed his appearance—who then could it be? —All her ſtratagems to find him out

failed her. He perſiſted in remaining unknown—yet never left her—entered into the amuſements of the place with a gay freedom, telling her various anecdotes of the characters ſhe ſaw. Sometime before they propoſed quitting the rooms, ſhe was chatting with Sir William Welbank—who had walked ſometime unnoticed, as the heat was great—ſhe turned to have ſome more converſation with her blue Domino, but ſhe miſſed him—ſhe looked at every dreſs ſhe ſaw, but he was gone—ſhe had felt an intereſt in his converſation, and regretted his final departure.

Soon the party retired—and although the morning was much advanced, ſhe could not ſettle herſelf to ſleep; ſo much did this adventure dwell on her mind.

CHAP-

CHAP. XXX.

A new Acquaintance.

ARPASIA's mind remained full of the blue Domino, and ſhe was impatient till ſhe had an opportunity of talking over the adventure with her friend after breakfaſt. Charlotte could no more gueſs than herſelf, unleſs it ſhould be Edward Hanbury. And yet ſome circumſtances entirely removed that notion; and, being wearied with conjectures, they were forced to leave it to chance. When they had taken that reſolution, Arpaſia rang for the child, which ceremony ſhe never omitted, becauſe from Lady Derville's various engagements, there was no other part of the day that the child and its mother had a chance of improving their acquaintance; ſoon after which Lord Derville joined the party. He had been that morning to the Attorney

General, who had deliberated on the caſe of the ſettlement, and adviſed the lady (if ſhe did not chuſe to litigate the buſineſs, which indeed he feared would not have a favourable iſſue) to try how far they might accommodate matters by compromiſe. Perhaps her uncle, rather than go through the tedious forms of law would divide the ſum with her. In juſtice he thought he ſhould, as certainly it would appear to every one an error of the engroſſer, and never the intention of the family, that the female line ſhould be excluded—*that*, appearing on the face of the matter, ſhould induce an honeſt man to act up to the intention ; but as the law perhaps would at laſt give him the whole at the expence of his probity, which would receive a foul ſtain ; how much better would it be for him to temporize a little by giving up the half ?

ARPASIA was unwilling to make application to ſuch a man as her uncle, at any rate. She expreſſed her great obligation

to

to Lord Derville, but feared ſhe ſhould have but little chance of ſucceſs. He offered to mediate the affair, if poſſible, with Mr. Hanbury; begged ſhe would taſk his utmoſt endeavours, as he could never find himſelf ſo happy as when ſerving the cauſe of innocence and merit againſt oppreſſion. She thanked him moſt gratefully—and agreed to write that evening to Dr. Bernard the opinion of theſe gentlemen, and to abide by his determination.

As ſhe came into the drawing-room before dinner, in addition to Sir James Hawley, Sir William Welbank and Mr. Travers, ſhe found another gentleman, who was introduced to her by the title of Lord Carberry. He was very gallant, and fixed his large grey eyes on her in a manner that was quite unpleaſing. His figure was not bad, but his looks were that of a *debauchee*. A character, though wholly unknown to Arpaſia, yet ſhe ſaw in a moment ſhe did not like him; though ſhe thought ſhe was bound to behave with civil atten-

tion to all Lord Derville's gueſts, more particularly his father.

How different ſhe thought the two old gentlemen were. There was a reſpectability in the appearance and deportment of Mr. Travers, while that of the Earl of Carberry was diſguſting. The affectation of appearing young occaſioned this. Unable to reſign the pleaſures of a vicious life, though a conſtitution debilitated by ſuch habits had brought on a premature old age, his converſation ſtill ran upon ſubjects that could only be extenuated or excuſed by youth.

Which ever way Arpaſia turned her eyes they were certain to meet his. Both the young baronets felt themſelves hurt by the earl's ſeeking to engroſs all her converſation. Happy was ſhe when dinner was over—it was the only unpleaſant one ſhe had paſſed there. When ſhe found herſelf alone with Charlotte in the drawing room, ſhe could not help expreſſing her diſſatisfaction at the even oppreſſive notice the old earl had taken of her. "Oh!

"OH! he is caught," ſaid Charlotte, "you will be plagued to death with him. "He will be for ever with us, and he is "the moſt diſagreeable of men. I wonder, "I declare, that Lord Derville can behave "with ſo much reſpect to him. I am "ready to die with laughing ſometimes. "We ſhall have good fun if the old ape "ſhould attempt making love to you. "But you muſt beware of his favourite "Sultana. I will ſhew her to you next "Saturday. She has a box, I aſſure you, "at the opera. And I dare ſay we ſhall "ſee them cooing like two turtles in their "pigeon hole—but apropos!" ſhe added, "Why can we not go to-night? Poſitively "I will—I will ſend to the men—the old "boy muſt go with us, and he will have "ſuch a peal rung in his ears to-morrow "by his goldfinch, that will go near to "crack the drums of them." So ſaying, ſhe ordered the ſervants to apprize the gentlemen of their intention.

"I CANNOT

"I CANNOT be of your party," ſaid Arpaſia; "I muſt write to Doctor Bernard."

"COME, come," ſhe anſwered, "write "away—here, Wilſon," to the butler, "bring the writing table—you cannot "have much to ſay."

ARPASIA was beginning to excuſe herſelf, when all the gentlemen came in. They entered into the idea of Lady Derville very readily, and prevailed on Arpaſia to accompany them, which however ſhe would not do till ſhe had written. Charlotte inſiſted on her not quitting the room. So ſhe took her pen, while they were ſipping their coffee; and, being extremely ready and quick, had finiſhed three ſides of the paper before the carriages drew up.

CHARLOTTE, who loved miſchief to her heart, aſked "Who would frank the cover?" All who were qualified readily offered their ſervices. "I think," ſaid ſhe, "to "do honour to the Doctor, who is an old "friend of mine, none leſs than a Peer of "the realm ſhould do it. Here, my Lord "Carberry,

"Carberry, will you be ſo kind? I will "dictate to you." No one in the world would have been more willing than his lordſhip; but here, as in many inſtances, his wiſhes were beyond his abilities, for he could not ſee without glaſſes, which the ſpiteful Charlotte knew well enough, and knew likewiſe that he would rather die than uſe them before company. "Here," ſhe added, "is an excellent pen. I'll hold "the candle; ſhall I borrow Mr. Travers's "ſpectacles?"

Lord Derville, though he ſaw his father's foibles, ſaw them with reſpect; he was always ſorry when his wife's lively inconſiderateneſs made them taken notice of in a ridiculous light. To prevent mortification then to his father, he with admirable preſence of mind obſerved, that, as it was known Miſs Hanbury had honoured them in being their gueſt, he thought *he* with the greateſt propriety ought to frank the letter, and would therefore ſave his lordſhip the trouble; and, with a look of a little

little ſeverity to Charlotte, took the pen from her, and ſitting down cloſe by Arpaſia, begged the Doctor's addreſs? This matter ſettled, they ſet off for the opera, which Arpaſia did not foreſee much amuſement from, as it was now almoſt ten, and conſequently the entertainment of muſic, which ſhe unfaſhionably thought muſt be the beſt of it, would be near over by the time they got thither. Charlotte, unreformed by the reproving look of her lord, was determined to carry on her joke —ſo made Arpaſia ſit by Lord Carberry, who ſhe knew could no more be nigh ſo pretty a woman without flirting, than he could fly. His ſon, being juſt behind her, rather repreſſed the ardour of his addreſſes; but they were ſufficiently ſo to diſguſt Arpaſia, who was not acquainted enough with the world to rally his lordſhip, as a thouſand miſſes of leſs ſenſe than herſelf would have done ſucceſsfully. As it was, ſhe could only apply with her eyes to Mr. Travers for relief and redreſs. She dared not turn them

them on Lord Derville, as the perſon ſhe wiſhed to get rid of ſtood in ſuch a near degree of relationſhip to him. He would gladly have extricated her, for he knew no pleaſure equal to that of converſing with her. Both the other young men were in the ſame predicament, as both had felt the power of her perſonal attractions, and both were likewiſe ſenſible of the charms of her converſation. Mr. Travers, exaſperated at the perſeverance with which Lord Carberry perſecuted her, ſaid he was certain the heat of the houſe was too much for Miſs Hanbury, for ſhe had changed colour ſeveral times, and begged ſhe might walk into the lobby. This occaſioned no ſmall alarm. Arpaſia, ſeeing into the good deſign of Mr. Travers, gave credit to his aſſertion by changing colour, but it was the ſweeteſt bluſh that overſpread her face. Lord Derville aſked forgiveneſs for the liberty, but, taking her arm under his, drew her out of the box inſtantly. The old lover would have hobbled after, had not his eyes juſt

then

then encountered the goldfinch, as his miſtreſs was called, who was perched oppoſite to him in one of the upper ſtories. The opera was ſo near over, that Arpaſia went in no more. Indeed ſhe found herſelf ſo much happier in the delicate attention of the ſon, than in the fulſome and nauſeating gallantry of the father, that with his and Mr. Travers's converſation, ſhe would have been well contented to remain in the lobby, and not have gone into the coffee-room at all. Propriety however pointed out the neceſſity of joining Lady Derville, though from the croud (it being full, notwithſtanding it was of a Tueſday) it was ſome time before ſhe could reach her ladyſhip, who was taking ſome ice from Colonel Howitzer, whom they had ſeen lolling in Fop's Alley a good while before. A thouſand enquiries were made, and ſuch precautions given, not to take any thing to hurt her, that it would have flattered moſt young women. Theſe attentions

attentions excited her gratitude, but never raiſed her vanity.

LORD DERVILLE aſked where his father was?

"DID he not come to you?" ſaid his lady.

ON hearing they had not ſeen him, "Then I will be hanged," ſaid ſhe laughing, "if the goldfinch has not got him— "I ſaw her give him ſuch a look, not of "invitation though, but defiance. How "will the poor Peer make his peace?"

"HUSH, my dear Charlotte," whiſpered Arpaſia.

"I WISH Lady Derville would ſome- "times recollect that the object of her "mirth is my father," ſaid her huſband, "Why do you ſuffer your vivacity to run "away with your diſcretion?"

"BECAUSE I think him a very fair ſub- "ject for ridicule; and I do not conſider "him in the light of father to any body, "but merely as the ſon of affectation."

"I SEE

"I SEE you are incorrigible Charlotte," ſaid Lord Dervilie, with a forced ſmile.

"I RATHER wonder," cried Charlotte, "that Mr. Travers does not take him up. "I think, ſir, you could ſay ſomething "ſevere on the occaſion, and with as much "juſtice as you cenſure many people."

"I AM more inclined to cenſure, as you "call it, the younger part of mankind," he replied, "becauſe they may ſee their "error and mend it. Age is too ſtubborn, "and faults in them too deeply rooted to "be eradicated. Such I leave to reap the "fruits of their follies, and a plentiful "harveſt they are likely to meet with." They ſaw no more of the old peer, to the great joy of Arpaſia, who thought the evening at home a very pleaſant one; for they all ſupped together, and did not part till late.

THOUGH it has been ſaid Arpaſia poſſeſſed great diſcernment, yet as her knowledge of mankind was ſmall, and till her ſhort acquaintance with her uncle, ſhe had never

never been introduced to bad characters—she only saw in Lord Carberry something repugnant to her ideas of an old man, to which she had always in her own mind annexed respectability and veneration.—Those tributes she saw she could not pay him. She would however have despised him, had she seen him in his real colours, and even been more uneasy at the particularity of his address, had she known to what lengths a dissipated man, as he ever had been, would carry things.

In the next chapter then, being a peer of the realm he ought not to come in at the fag end, we will try to draw his picture, which shall be a faithful delineation, though not from nature, for that he had debased, but from truth, which he scrupled not to violate when it stood in competition with his pleasure, at that shrine having sacrificed all his life, and still was its professed votary, though now he looked more like its victim.

CHAP-

CHAP. XXX.

Sketch of a Man of Faſhion.

THE Earl of Carberry, was born to a large eſtate, which, together with his title, he came into poſſeſſion very early by the death of his father. Left young to the guidance of himſelf, and unhappily ſetting out ill, he continued the ſame round to a period, when many men, even of the moſt abandoned kind, give up their follies, to reap the fruits of their bad harveſt.—Lord Carberry ſtill kept on his career as well as he was able—and now in turn became the dupe of that ſex he had formerly betrayed.

HE married an amiable diſcreet woman, Lady Auguſta Travers, to whom he made a very indifferent huſband—his ill conduct ſoon eſtranged him from her heart, which his

his perſevering addreſſes and fine perſon had gained, but which repeated ſlights and injuries could not long retain.—Lord Derville was the only child they ever had, of whom they were equally fond and proud. As the ſon was not likely to be acquainted with the vices of the father, as the diſcretion of the mother concealed them as much as poſſible, he felt the utmoſt filial tenderneſs for them both, and repaid their attention and affection for him, with the moſt duteous love.

It is hardly poſſible to ſay which was his lordſhip's ruling paſſion. Women, horſes, and dice, ſeemed to bear an equal and unlimited ſway in his boſom. King's Place, Newmarket and Brooks's divided almoſt all his time, except when in purſuit of ſome innocent ruſtic; more of whom he boaſted having introduced upon the town, than almoſt any man of the age, for conſtancy was not in the catalogue of his virtues—eager in the chace, as ſoon as the game was obtained, the *gout* was over—and

in

in a little time he loathed what before he was ſo anxious to gain.

The only merit he had, was not initiating his ſon in the vices that had debaſed himſelf.—His giving up his education to the ſuperintendance of Lady Carberry, ſecured him from the pitfalls, he himſelf had not eſcaped, and conveyed the moſt pleaſing hopes to the fond mother, that ſhe ſhould not again deplore in her ſon, the exceſſes that in a once loved huſband had ſo often filled her boſom with anguiſh—That ſhe was of a ſufficient ſtrong mind to form a youth and fix his principles in the paths of honour, one inſtance will be enough, though many others might be adduced The relating it may be rather premature—but yet it will come in very well here, as it will ſhew, that in confiding Lord Derville to the care of his mother, her huſband did her but common juſtice—perhaps the only one that can be given of his acting ſo well by her.

At the time Lord Derville was about eighteen or nineteen, there was a ſet of men, who were a diſgrace to the name, who uſed to infeſt every public place, and by ill behaviour, oblige perſons to take notice of them—this was what they aimed at—they were men of deſperate fortunes, many of them had obtained commiſſions in the army, nobody knew how, and with their cockades and fighting faces, they frequently intimidated thoſe they had inſulted.

It happened Lord Derville had ſeen a very fine horſe that belonged to a lady, it was to be diſpoſed of—the price was very conſiderable; a trial was to be allowed, when if not approved of, the horſe was to be returned with a certain ſum agreed on, between the parties. The horſe not anſwering the character given of it, was in conſequence returned, and the matter thought no more of—one of theſe gentlemen of the blade, having a connection with the lady, and the finances of both being low, they fancied they might bluſter the young man

into purchaſing the horſe. Under this idea, the noble captain patronized the injured lady, and ſent a letter to Lord Derville, complaining of ungentleman-like behaviour, in returning the horſe and preventing the ſale of it—this brought an anſwer in vindication—which his lordſhip thought he owed his own character. Several letters paſſed between them, in one of which, the captain thought proper to ſay, if the ſum for the horſe was not immediately paid, all the letters ſhould be publiſhed in the newſpapers; the tranſaction had already found its way in thoſe too often illiberal conveyances of intelligence.—Lady Carberry could be no ſtranger to that circumſtance, and it was a ſtory in every one's mouth—Lord Derville wrote a ſpirited letter to the captain, threatening to call him to account if he perſiſted in the reſolution of publiſhing to the world what could no way concern it to know.—The anſwer was, the money muſt immediately be paid—Lady Carberry deſired to know

the

the whole of the matter: From ſuch a mother, he had no reaſon to conceal any thing —ſhe reflected on the buſineſs, and weighed the conſequences: Lord Derville was a young man juſt coming into life—from the opening of his career, his future character would be adjudged.—To have this affair canvaſſed by the world, through the channel of a newſpaper, was a circumſtance much to be avoided—to pay for the horſe would argue a cowardlike fear.—She then, with a nobleneſs few mothers could emulate, told her ſon, his honour was dearer to her than his life—that he had hinted calling this diſgrace to his profeſſion out, if he ſtill perſiſted in his illiberal intention. "My ſon," ſaid ſhe, "you muſt ſend "him a challenge—I own the object is too "unworthy *to ſheth your maiden ſword*—but "there are ſuch a ſet of theſe miſcreants, "that you will never be ſuffered to reſt in "peace, till you have chaſtiſed one of "them."

This counsel of the mother intirely accorded with the wishes, and indeed intention of the son; for he immediately took from his pocket-book, a defiance already written, and which he was just going to send—Lady Carberry desired to make some alteration as to time and place, as she wished to have a brother of her own, General Travers, present at the rencontre as second—the affair was soon adjusted—Lady Carberry with the most heroic firmness took leave of her son, as if he was only going his accustomary airing—Could a woman and a mother exhibit a stronger proof of ennobled feelings?—Her sense of honour superseded every other consideration. They met and exchanged fire—Lord Derville received a slight wound—the matter was then accommodated.

The agitation of Lady Carberry's mind is not to be expressed—her strength of body was unequal to it.—It had such an effect on her constitution, as to bring on a fever,

fever, which, after ſeveral returns, in leſs than ſix months carried her to the grave.

His grief for the loſs of ſuch a mother, made Lord Derville eager to leave England —It had been propoſed that he ſhould travel—and Lord Carberry, who although he loved his ſon, found in his worth, a ſatire on his own character, very readily agreed he ſhould begin his tour directly.

For although Lord Carberry had often ſtifled his conſcience, yet it would ſometimes recover ſtrength enough to give him ſome trouble—the great affair of killing it quite, was ſtill to be atchieved, and ſoon an opportunity preſented itſelf. One evening with ſome of his aſſociates, a wager was laid, who ſhould produce the fineſt girl upon the town, in a certain time given —and at the time ſpoken of, ſhe muſt be of character. The noble earl, who did not chuſe to be behind hand in the annals of gallantry, though he was old enough to be the father of many of the ſet—offered a thouſand pounds, that he would in leſs

than ſix months introduce to them a lovely girl, whom he had in his eye, and whoſe beauty could only be equalled by her modeſty---that ſhe would be a noble acquiſition to the ſiſterhood of King's place, and that they would all vote him a ſtatue for his atchievement. Notes were given for the money, and ſucceſs drank to the diabolical machinations of this truly fiend-like ſchemer.

The victim, whoſe ruin he had long wiſhed, but hitherto knew not how to accompliſh, was, as he ſaid, both lovely and virtuous. — He had attempted the ſubverting the latter, but he had had his ſchemes counteracted by that very virtue he laboured to ſubdue —The plan, he now fixed on, ſtimulated by his repulſe, and the hope of gaining a thouſand pounds, was to prevail on a dependant of his own, who he furniſhed with the means of appearing in a reſpectable light, to throw himſelf in the way of the young woman, who had a very ſmall fortune, to conciliate her favour, obtain

tain her conſent to marriage, and diſpoſe of her immediately to the vile wretch his employer. The morning after the wager was laid, he diſpatched his emiſſary, who was to paſs for a gentleman of character, poſſeſſing a good place in the cuſtom-houſe. At an aſſembly he contrived to meet the deſtined prey, and, as was pre-concerted, got introduced to her. His aſſiduity and tolerable figure, joined to the advantage of poſſeſſing ſome hundreds a year, and her ſituation which unconnected, unportioned, left her in a ſtate of almoſt dependence on ſome relations who were not agreeable to her—all combined to make her liſten to this overture of marriage. She got a friend to enquire at the cuſtom-houſe, after the character of this perſon—a very good one was given, which belonged to the gentleman whoſe name he had aſſumed.—The courtſhip continued ſome little time—the ſwain grew urgent—the lady could form no reaſons for delaying the buſineſs; they were married, and ſet off for London

directly, which place they reached that night.—The lodging he carried her to, was an infamous one—the wretch was true to his employer, and apprized him instantly on his arrival.—The innocent girl retired to bed—and sometime after her husband, as she thought came into the room. The darkness was favourable to the imposition, but the morning light discovered the base betrayer of unsuspecting virtue—It was a long time before the unhappy girl recovered her reason—the callous heart of her undoer began to tremble for her, and his own safety. Words cannot describe the anguish she endured—deserted by the man who had at the holy altar sworn to be her protector, left friendless in a strange place—to whom should she relate her story?—to whom could she apply for redress?—all means of escape was cut off, and every intercourse with mankind, except this disgrace to it, denied her.—Despair made her regardless of what became of her—and disgrace, sorrow and infamy, urged her to the deed of death

death—Lord Carberry gained his point in triumphing over the virtue of this unfortunate ſacrifice to licentious profligacy, but he was diſappointed in accompliſhing his purpoſe over her ſoul—Heaven would pity her ſuicide, ſince it was to preſerve herſelf from further infamy. The horrid fraternity, becauſe they would encourage merit, allowed the bet to be a drawn one.

HAPPILY for Lord Carberry, this tranſaction happened while his ſon was purſuing his ſtudies at Geneva, and conſequently never came to his knowledge.

CHAP. XXXII.

The Politician.

ONE of the great favourites and aſſociates of the earl had, from being loud in oppoſition, at laſt gained what he wanted, a ſhare in the miniſtry. But ſo deeply was the love of power imprinted on his mind that he ſoon quarrelled with his colleagues, and loſt his place. Lord Carberry was his ſtaunch friend, and either bawled ſedition or loyal principles, as his great leader gave the word. The opinions of the public were fluctuating, and, at the concluſion of a long and expenſive war, were ſtill more diſpleaſed at what they thought an inadequate peace. Another change formed a ſubject for the world's wonder in the famous and unexpected *coalition*.

THESE

THESE contrarieties once agreed, demanded much power to keep up any conſequence in the houſe. They ſtrained every nerve to obtain numbers. Lord Carberry was offered a borough for his ſon; his finances were now at a low ebb; he had a conſiderable debt on his eſtate; he hoped his friend Charles being in power would be the means of extricating him from his pecuniary diſtreſs, or that a place of emolument ſecured to his ſon, would make him with leſs regret ſee the acres mouldering away from his paternal eſtate. He wrote then to Lord Derville to return for the honour of repreſenting a venal borough in Cornwall, for which he was to pay nothing but the proſtitution of his principles. This by the way he did not ſpecify to him, as he well knew, though he did not even wiſh to emulate his rectitude. Juſt at this time too, he became acquainted with Mr. Bromley, whoſe character he ſoon read. Sixty thouſand pounds was a bait he could not withſtand—and a title was the very

thing Mr. Bromley wiſhed for to complete his happineſs. The bargain was ſoon ſtruck; and in the next letter he wrote to his ſon, he urged him immediately to repair to London, on the double conſideration of taking his ſeat in Parliament, and likewiſe to receive the hand of Miſs Bromley, a moſt deſirable match for him, which he had been negociating

In obedience to his father's wiſhes, Lord Derville returned to England; his heart had never felt a ſerious attachment, and he fancied he ſhould be doing it no violence in beſtowing it on the lady his father had provided for him.

The miniſterial friend of Lord Carberry was overjoyed at the acquiſition of a ready vote, which he had been taught to believe he ſhould find in the new member; but although Lord Derville placed all his chance of domeſtic happineſs in the hand of his father, his political principles he was reſolved never to proſtitute; and almoſt made his father ſtart when he avowed

avowed as much. He however requeſted of his ſon to wait on the great man at his levee, where he doubted not the elaborate and nervous diſcourſe he would hear flow from his lips, would ſpeedily convert him, as he had done ſo many before. Lord Derville complied. He attended *the Man of the People.* He ſaw crouds cringing, and learning from him what they were to ſay. He felt ſhocked at the perverſion of terms. Where was the freedom of debate, when like machines they were moved by one hand? He thought it became him to ſpeak his ſentiments like an honeſt man and a friend to his country. The buſineſs that was coming on was the India Bill. He could not conceal *his* opinion on it. With a cold and diſappointed air, Charles told him, he was yet too young a man to have one of his own; he ſhould, for ſome years abide by thoſe whoſe experience had given them weight and influence. "I thank "you, my lord, for the promiſe of your "ſupport when the ſubject in diſcuſſion

"meets

" meets your ſenſe of what is right; I " thank you too for the good advice you " are pleaſed to give me; but permit me " to tell you what Charles the Eleventh " of Sweden ſaid to his queen—*We took* " *you, Madam, to bear us children, not to* " *give us counſel.* As to the powers of " your oratory, I muſt obſerve upon it, " that there are already more ſpeakers " than orators. I wiſh we had not ſo " many. Your vote will be ſufficient at " preſent. One ſingle word well applied " will ſuit my purpoſe better than a ſpeech " of two hours length. I muſt intreat " you to be cautious of not ſaying No " when you ſhould ſay Yes; and to keep " in mind that your lordſhip repreſents " the borough of —— in Cornwall."

Lord Derville felt much inclined to have declared a vacancy immediately, that it might be filled up with a tool more adapted to the views of the miniſter. He abjured all party, and ſteadily reſolved to vote according to his conſcience, let the great

great man take it as he pleaſed. And in this manner he conducted himſelf during the ſhort and diſtracted adminiſtration of the coalition.

Lord Carberry was extremely vexed with this unaccountable perverſeneſs in his ſon; but as he made no ſcruple of givign his hand to Miſs Bromley, and as her fortune would extricate him from ſome diſagreeable embarraſſments, he made himſelf the eaſier about his political freedom of action.

Lord Derville was introduced to the lady, who received him as a man whom ſhe was to marry, and conſequently had nothing to do but acquieſce. Her perſon, her fortune, or her manner, ſeemed not to him intereſting; he hoped he ſhould like her better the more ſhe was known—No—ſhe was the ſame to-day as ſhe was yeſterday—ſtill unintereſting. He had no objection to make, he could diſcover no faults; but he found, if when he quitted her in the evening he ſhould have been told it was the laſt time he ſhould ever ſee her,

her, he ſhould not have heaved a ſingle ſigh. He wiſhed he loved her, and he tried to do ſo. She wanted ſenſibility — he laboured to inſpire her with that exquiſite charm—he laboured in vain; it was not in her nature. He hoped ſhe would improve on him after marriage; but as ſoon as ſhe was Lady Derville, the *routine* of company and public places ſeemed to fill all her ſoul. Good humoured and affable, but not companionable, ſhe ſought not, neither did ſhe obtain his heart. He could not uſe a woman ill. They therefore agreed very well; but the calm inſipidity of his life tired him. His heart, though it had not yet ſeen the woman formed to inſpire it, was capable of feeling the utmoſt ardency of love; his ſenſibility was exquiſite; his feelings warm. Charlotte was the laſt in the world to give happineſs to ſuch a man —ſhe, however, was in poſſeſſion of that bleſſing ſo ſeldom enjoyed, at leaſt as much as ſuch a negative character could poſſeſs it. Vanity, the love of ſhew, and power

to

to give brilliant parties, conſtituted her ſum of bliſs. Her rank and fortune enabled her to figure in this ſuperior line; and ſhe met with no oppoſition from a man, who hardly ever miſſed her in her frequent and long abſences. When ſhe became a mother, he again gave way to hopes that ſhe would be able to inſpire him with a paſſion he wiſhed to taſte in all its purity. He felt a father's fondneſs for his infant, he longed to experience the exquiſite delight of being beloved. Charlotte ſaw his paternal affection with a coldneſs that ſeemed now conſtitutional. She loved her child, but not with ſenſibility—ſtill that charm was wanting. Lord Derville then found it in vain to attempt animating a ſtatue. He gave it up. Too refined in his ideas, as well as too conſcientious, to ſeek in illicit engagements with venal beauty thoſe pleaſures that were denied him at home, he paſſed his life inſipidly enough. He mixed with the gay world, but received no enjoyment from an intercourſe

tercourſe where his heart was unengaged; he attended his duty in the houſe, merely as it was his duty. He ſometimes regretted the ready acquieſcence with which he had devoted his hand to Charlotte; yet if he looked round the world, he ſaw not the woman who could have made him ſo happy as his heart whiſpered to him he was capable of being. Could he have inſpired his wife with tenderneſs, ſhe was as likely as any one he ever knew. But thoſe emotions ſhe was a perfect ſtranger to. He could not diſcover any *traits* of congeniality between their ſouls. He was convinced he had not met his kindred mind, and at the ſame time felt, till he did he ſhould poſſeſs but an unquiet ſpirit, ſeeking reſt, but finding none.

His firſt interview with Arpaſia unfortunately convinced him, that his kindred ſoul had been created. The adverſe winds had ſcattered them abroad, but they muſt certainly have left heaven together. There was a relation between their minds. In her's

her's he read the exact counterpart of his own. Had fate bleſt him with ſuch a wife, the ſun in its round could not have ſhone on a happier man.

The firſt interview was intereſting, ſo had been the ſecond, and each ſucceeding one. It was impoſſible to point out a moment when ſhe was not ſo. Now he felt the weight of the fetters, by which he was doomed to wear out his exiſtence with a companion ſo every way unſuitable to him. So oppoſite in every quality to Arpaſia. He dwelt on the muſic of her tongue, was convinced by her arguments, and found too late he loved her as his own ſoul. But with the utmoſt delicacy and propriety of conduct he guarded the ſecret within the receſſes of his own breaſt. Never did he ſuffer his eyes to feaſt themſelves with her beauties, by gazing, as he could have done, till he had melted with rapture. One ſingle glance, ſhort but not obtruſive, was enough, Her image was impreſſed on his ſoul, and he could ſay with Alphonſo,

"Turn

" Turn thy light inwards, eyes,
" And view her there."

He would ſometimes, in the lone hour of contemplation, draw a picture of the ſtate of man with ſuch a companion as Arpaſia. The groupe would cauſe the penſive ſigh to agitate his boſom. In her he beheld every requiſite, every charm; beauty to inſpire the warmeſt attachment; ſenſibility and ſweetneſs to inſure it; and ſenſe, united with all the virtues, to endear and juſtify it. The opportunity of ſerving her had happily been thrown in his way. By that means he might lay claim to her friendſhip—her friendſhip!—Oh! could he ſecure that privilege, more heartfelt ſatisfaction would be his to enjoy, than all the delights that the world had beſide to give!

Charlotte made few claims on him—none on his heart—ſhould he then injure her by devoting it, with all its fund of ſoftneſs, on her lovely friend? To his wife he could, and ſhould behave as he had ever

ever done, even before he had known ſuch an angel as Arpaſia had a being. Could ſhe then complain, if what ſhe prized not, was beſtowed on another? With this ſophiſtry he ſtrove to reconcile his paſſion for the one, with his relative duty to the other. In a mind leſs actuated by virtuous ſentiments it would have been impoſſible to have made this arrangement, this kind of moral league between the paſſions and reaſon. He had never yet known ſo great happineſs as his acquaintance with Arpaſia had produced—to hear her—to behold her—Oh! it was more bliſs than he once thought woman could beſtow. Were all his days to paſs thus he ſhould pronounce his life a happy one. He would not look forward to the future—he was determined to enjoy the bleſſing of her converſation without antedating the time when he might be deprived of it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Uncertainty of Life and Wiſhes.

ARPASIA began to count the hours, in expectation of a letter from her venerable friend Doctor Bernard; ſhe was anxious to have her fortune and proſpects in life aſcertained, that ſhe might come to ſome determination how to regulate her future actions. At preſent ſhe paſſed her life as if her grandfather had bequeathed the whole of his poſſeſſions to her, ſurrounded with ſplendour which ſhe had no right to partake of, her boſom felt oppreſſed—She ſighed frequently, and was obliged to force a ſmile, when it was painful to her to reſtrain a tear—She often reflected on her manner of paſſing her time, fearing ſhe ſhould be accounted *an unprofitable ſervant in the Lord's vine-yard*—ſhe was not however unmindful of her duty

or totally without the power of doing good —ſhe availed herſelf of every opportunity; and the ſons and daughters of diſtreſs are every where ſcattered over the face of the earth—ordered ſo by the great Former of the World, both to excite and experience the benevolence of the happier few, bleſt with the means of beſtowing.

Her charities, confined in a leſs ſpace, both from ſituation and circumſtances, were ſtill proportioned to the ability of each—every day's news-paper exhibited pictures of calamity—To evidence the truth and reality of ſuch recitals, ſhe failed not to ſeek them out—when, if real objects of diſtreſs, her purſe, her advice, her conſolation, was theirs. For the poor and indigent ſhe becomes a beggar; and when beauty and ſweetneſs, like hers, deigns to ſue, what heart can ſhut up the avenues to compaſſion? From Lord Derville her prayer ever met ſucceſs—His heart melted at the tale of woe, and his hand and purſe were ever liberal to relieve. She never regretted

the

the privation of her eſtate, but when ſhe found, which was too frequently the caſe, that her finances were too limited for the calls of humanity—but ſhe knew, that by doing all the good ſhe could, ſhe did all that was expected from her, and ſhe hoped Heaven would bleſs thoſe hearts with benevolence, on whom it had beſtowed the riches of the world. Like Xerxes, ſhe deplored that day as loſt, wherein ſhe had not wiped the tear from ſome eye, or cheered ſome heart by relieving it from anguiſh.

A LETTER at laſt was delivered to Arpaſia one day, as Lord Derville was ſitting by her in Charlotte's dreſſing-room—The hand ſhe knew not—on reading it, her colour changed, which Lord Derville, whoſe eyes were ever fixed on her face, when he could venture to do ſo unobſerved, inſtantly perceived—He ſaw the full tear gather into her lovely eye—"Alas! "Miſs Hanbury," ſaid he, "I fear ſome "ill news."

"I HAVE

"I HAVE loſt my beſt, my laſt remaining "friend," ſhe anſwered, laying down the letter on the table, and riſing to conceal her tears.

"OH! Charlotte," ſaid his lordſhip with emotion, "will you not authoriſe me "to tell Miſs Hanbury, that in the huſ- "band of her friend ſhe may look up "for protection?—Amiable Miſs Han- "bury," he continued, taking her hand, "while I have life, I am, and will ever "be devoted to you." Charlotte went up to her, and leaning over her, kiſſed her cheek——"My ſweet Arpaſia," ſaid ſhe, "what new calamity has befallen you?"

"I ENTREAT your forgiveneſs, my moſt "excellent friends," ſaid Arpaſia, "I "ought not to be thus overcome—The "ſhock was the greater, becauſe I ſome- "how had not taught my heart to expect "it. My dear Charlotte, our worthy "rector is no more—he was ſeized with "another paralytic ſtroke the day after he "received my laſt letter, and never ſpoke

" a word more. Dear, good man! How " much am I indebted to his kindneſs, in " intending me his heir!"

On peruſing the letter, her two friends learnt, that the good Doctor had found himſelf ſo much better, that he had determined to come up to London, to offer his aſſiſtance in ſtanding a trial; and for which purpoſe he had ordered a freſh will to be made, wherein he conſtituted her ſole executrix, having but few relations, and thoſe well provided for. This letter of information had been written by his houſekeeper, who ſeverely lamented her maſter's death, which was indeed a heavy loſs to her; for he had torn off his name from his former will, by which ſhe would have been intitled to a comfortable annuity—and this latter one was not executed, as he was ſeized by the ſtroke which ended in his diſſolution, about an hour before the will was brought home for ſigning, &c. Arpaſia felt for the diſappointment of the poor woman, who had been a faithful ſervant

vant to her maſter for many years—ſhe neglected not to write to her immediately, to condole on their mutual loſs, and to aſſure her, ſhould heaven ever put it in her power, ſhe ſhould look on herſelf as bound to provide for her. Lord Derville came up to her while ſhe was writing—he knew the ſubject of the letter—in the moſt delicate manner he intreated her to incloſe a twenty pound note to Mrs. Hutchins, with an agreement that ſhe ſhould receive the ſame annually as long as ſhe lived.—Arpaſia looked her gratitude, for her tongue juſt then refuſed to utter the feelings of her heart. At laſt, "I could almoſt, my "good lord, envy your feelings," ſaid ſhe "—How noble! how generous!"

"If I have removed the ſmalleſt degree "of pain from your valuable heart, my "dear Miſs Hanbury," he replied, "Oh! "how richly am I repaid!"

She begged him to believe that he had made her infinitely happy; as ſhe knew that annual ſum would be affluence to Mrs.

Hutchins, who really had loſt her good proſpect, through her worthy friend's zeal for her ſervice.

Lord Derville had ſcarcely ever beſtowed twenty pounds with as much ſatisfaction—He had the delight of ſeeing it had raiſed his character in the eyes of the only woman in the world eſtimable in his own.

As a reward, he earneſtly begged Arpaſia to honour him with conſtituting him her protector, and giving him leave to act for her as the Doctor intended doing. But to ſuch a meaſure ſhe had inſuperable objections—She felt the force of the obligation; but declined it in ſuch a manner, as ſoftened the refuſal, though ſhe diſcovered a great inflexibility in her reſolution, when once adopted.

To the earneſt ſolicitations of her friend Charlotte, of remaining with them till her fortune was paid, ſhe offered not the leaſt objection—nor indeed could ſhe ſo properly diſpoſe of herſelf at preſent. Lady Derville

ville urged that ſoon they ſhould be going to the country, and frankly owned ſhe was intereſted in the wiſh of having her with them there; as ſhe ſhould be quite vapoured to death, deprived of her company.

The Earl of Carberry had contented himſelf with ſending to enquire after the health of Arpaſia—In truth he dared not do other; for his fair tyrant the goldfinch had, as Lady Derville laughingly ſaid, rung a peal in his ears—She had obſerved the extreme attention he had paid Arpaſia at the opera, which excited her jealous fears—as to ſentiments of affection, ſhe poſſeſſed them not, at leaſt for him. Faſhion had made him ſelect her from her ſiſterhood, and convenience induced her to feign a fondneſs for his perſon, which, to any woman of delicate feelings, would rather be diſguſting. He had been obliged to make many conceſſions to appeaſe her anger, and vow he would go no more to his ſon's, while this dangerous rival was

an inhabitant of his houſe—But the reſtraint ſhe laid on him acted as a ſtimilus —The beauty of Arpaſia had fired his breaſt, and he never loſt the image of her one moment; yet although his new paſſion had weakened the old one, he dared not ſhew any difference in his behaviour to the goldfinch; ſo much had he entangled himſelf in her ſnares. Some days had now elapſed, and he hoped he had ſufficiently ſacrificed to her humour—impatient then once more to feaſt his eyes with no common beauties, he reſolved to go to Portman-ſquare, but at the ſame time avoid accompanying them to any public place, where he might have a chance of encountering his ſhe-dragon.

He took more than ordinary pains to grace his perſon with adventitious ornaments; but he was extremely mortified to find Mr. Clavering had got the ſtart of him, he having called in late in the morning, as it is uſually ſtyled, and Lady Derville, not

not having an agreeable engagement on her hands, had preſſed him to ſtay dinner.

No one could be five minutes in the room without perceiving the object of that young man's devotion—it was too conſpicuous not to alarm Arpaſia—She wiſhed him to be explicit, that ſhe might convince him of the fruitleſſneſs of his purſuit—the ſame objection prevailed as had at firſt induced her to reject his addreſs—ſhe ſtill found him incapable of inſpiring her heart with the ſmalleſt tenderneſs for him—ſhe grew quite averſe to the thoughts of marriage with any one. In the frendſhip of Lord Derville ſhe had taſted more real ſatisfaction, than any intercourſe ſhe had ever had with any mortal breathing—every other man ſeemed ſo very different from him, that ſhe could ſcarcely conceive them to be of the ſame ſpecies.

Mr. Clavering, although he could have no reaſon to flatter himſelf with being accepted, yet failed not to adopt that frequent cuſtom, with men devoid of de-

licacy, of appearing to be on good terms with Arpaſia, for two motives, that ſometimes meet with ſucceſs—the firſt prevents other men making application; and the ſecond, from perſevering in it, too often induces a woman to accept the hand of a man, merely becauſe the world has given her to him, and he is forever in her train. But he gained no ground with Arpaſia by this mode—and though ſhe knew not how to forbid his attendance, when he had made no abſolute profeſſion of renewing his addreſſes, yet her extreme coldneſs would have taught him her ſentiments, had he not been wilfully blind.

On this day, which had brought her the melancholy news of Doctor Bernard's death, ſhe felt herſelf a little obliged by his partial notice; as it has been obſerved, Lord Carberry made one of the party—and ſhe hoped, if he ſaw the lover in Mr. Claverings aſſiduity, it would prevent his lordſhip from acting over his monkey tricks, that inſpired her with diſguſt. The ſeeming

ing attention then ſhe paid to Clavering, anſwered a two-fold end, which ſhe had not foreſeen; for her heart was a perfect ſtranger to the acts of coquetry, and equally above the mean triumph of giving pain.

CLAVERING was beſide himſelf with rapture—the diſappointed lord could not get within ear-ſhot—Arpaſia was only ſenſible to the relief which ſhe had attained from the perſecution of the latter—ſhe hardly regarded any thing the former ſaid—Indeed her ſpirits had been ſo totally deranged in the morning, that her now and then appearing a little *diſtroit* might be overlooked—and notwithſtanding Clavering had heard of the death of her friend, whom he perſonally was acquainted with, yet he ſaw, he heard nothing but Arpaſia—and it was not his fault that ſhe ſaw or heard any body but himſelf.

LORD DERVILLE was not in ſpirits—he talked but little during the firſt part of the evening. Arpaſia ſaw the alteration directly, and it pained her ſo amiable a man

ſhould have the leaſt diſquietude—yet how could it be otherwiſe? He muſt ſee, the even more than abſurd conduct of his father—perhaps ſomething more unpleaſant had ariſen from that quarter—ſhe felt herſelf inclined to addreſs her converſation to him, yet ſhe was not privileged to ſeek into his ſecrets—No—but ſhe might ſurely be allowed to intereſt herſelf thus far—as to ſtrive to divert his chagrin, and leſſen the cloud that hung over his brow, if ſhe could not diſpel it. On his moving about the room, on ſome occaſion, ſhe made room for him between Mr. Clavering and herſelf. He accepted the place with a glow of pleaſure on his face—The converſation at firſt did not promiſe to inſpire joyous ſenſations, as it was ſomething relative to her recent loſs—but it was the prelude to others leſs grave. Clavering, though Lord Derville was married, felt himſelf not the moſt happy at this intruſion, therefore took the firſt opportunity of getting on the other ſide of her—yet, if he had the malicious

cious satisfaction of keeping off every other, he had the mortification of seeing less of Arpasia, as her lovely eyes were more frequently turned to her agreeable neighbour on the right hand. He heard with pleasure a proposal for cards, which he hoped, by making some change, would operate in his favour—He hinted he should not play, if Arpasia sat out—It was enough for her to take a card, and fortune placed her opposite Lord Derville, with Sir James Hawley and Clavering.

Lord Carberry cut in the other set, with Charlotte, Lady Anne Travers, and Sir William Welbank. The second rubber, Clavering depended on being more fortunate—Still his good genius slept; for they continued their places. It was a little singular that the five men, of whom the party were composed, should all have bowed at Arpasia's shrine. Among the five, it was not paying Lord Derville any extravagant compliment, to give him the preference—and it may be said with truth,

that had the five been multiplied by thouſands, Arpaſia would not have found a difficulty in ſtill adhering to her opinion.

THE next in rank, in her eſtimation, was Sir James Hawley—He had the merit, joined to a pleaſing perſon and good addreſs, of being the approved friend of Lord Derville—He was a very amiable young man, and ſuch an one, that an unprejudiced perſon might ſelect from the multitude, and the ſelection would do honour to their taſte and judgment.

THE condeſcenſion of Arpaſia, in beſtowing ſo much of her attention on him, had, notwithſtanding the *malheur* of not gaining her for a partner, inſpired Clavering with almoſt certain hopes of acceptance —and as he plainly ſaw the weight Lord Derville had with her, it was worth while to gain his friendſhip. But though Lord Derville had the moſt liberal and generous heart in the world, in this inſtance Mr. Clavering was miſtaken; for certainly he was by no means worthy of poſſeſſing ſuch a trea-

a treaſure as Arpaſia. He reſolved, however, to apply to his lordſhip; as the dear object of all his wiſhes had, in the courſe of her converſation, hinted the extreme kindneſs of Lord Derville's offers of protection. Arpaſia was before hand with him in the article of application, for that night ſhe ſpoke on the ſubject to his lordſhip. With the ingenuous freedom that ſo eminently marked her character, ſhe told him ſhe feared ſhe had led Mr. Clavering into an error, but the motive had been preventing a ſtill greater evil to herſelf. Not that her behaviour would have given encouragement to a man determined not to deceive himſelf, but he ſeemed diſpoſed to do ſo—and had done from the beginning—as her ſteady refuſal of him above a year ſince might have convinced him hers was a heart that never trifled with any one.

"And do you really then mean not to "have him?" aſked Lord Derville with eagerneſs.

"I am

"I AM ſorry it will admit of a queſtion, "my lord," anſwered Arpaſia, "I ſhall "feel myſelf inclined to reprehend my "behaviour, which I thought not deſerv-"ing of it at the time."

"Do, my lord," cried Charlotte laughing, "run after Sir William, and tell him "he need not load his piſtols to-night. "Oh! how he will rejoice if this is really "your determination."

"BUT how will Miſs Hanbury's deter-"mination affect *his* peace?" demanded his lordſhip a little gravely.

"LORD, why don't you know he is vio-"lently in love with Arpaſia? Mercy on "me! have you not diſcovered that?"

"HIS lordſhip," ſaid Arpaſia, ſmiling, "has not the penetration you have, my "dear Charlotte. He cannot diſcover "what has no reality."

"YOUR ſervant, Miſs Hanbury! But "let me tell you, my dear, and", chinking her purſe, "this charming muſic ſhall "ſecond me; for I have won a mint of "money

" money of him, merely becauſe he could " not keep his eyes or thoughts from your " table. I really pitied him, and begged " he would not keep turning his head ſo " much that way, leſt he ſhould get a " crick in his neck. And you know, " Arpaſia, you have once declared a pre- " ference in his favour."

LORD DERVILLE looked amazed; and a ſigh, that however returned into his own boſom, iſſued unperceived.

ARPASIA recollected herſelf inſtantly— " Oh! yes, I remember the circumſtance " perfectly well; but you likewiſe remem- " ber too, Charlotte, to whom I preferred " him. I ſtill keep my opinion."

" IT is happy we do not all think alike," Charlotte replied. Arpaſia, in this inſtance, thought that it would be as well if they did. However, ſhe ſaid nothing. Lady Derville returned to her charge. " But if " Sir William ſhould make you an offer, " which I will lay my life he does, when " he hears Clavering is diſpatched, unleſs

" my

" my honoured father in law pops in be-
" tween, will you refuſe him ?"

" THAT is not a fair queſtion, Charlotte,
" yet notwithſtanding I will anſwer it."

" AND will you anſwer it fairly ?" aſked Lord Derville. " How I ſhould dread to
" hear it if I was Sir William !"

" IT would be for your ſoul's peace to
" be put out of your pain, my lord."

" THEN it muſt be in his favour," ſaid his lordſhip, riſing, and walking up to the candles, but more from inadvertency than meaning.

" OH ! how ready are the men to flatter themſelves," replied Arpaſia, " I think to
" be removed from ſuſpenſe muſt be great
" eaſe, and it is idle to believe any paſſion
" can exiſt devoid of hope. So Sir Wil-
" liam, being aſſured he could never ſuc-
" ceed with me, would very ſoon find a
" cure."

" So, poſitively you would not marry
" *him* neither ?"

" INDEED, he would never be the man
" of my choice." " PRAY,

"PRAY, my lord, admire her ſly anſwer,
"not the man of her choice. She does not
"ſay ſhe would not marry him, though
"that was the queſtion."

"HEAVENS, Charlotte, but is not that
"implied? would I marry a man who I
"did not chooſe from the whole race?"

"YOU have ſuch notions! I well remem-
"ber how much you uſed to admire Mrs.
"Griffith's amendment of the poſition of
"Rouſſeau."

"WHAT amendment, Charlotte?"

"WHY, my lord, Rouſſeau in his Eloiſe
"ſays—*to a woman who truly loves there is*
"*but one man in the world*; and Frances
"ſays—*to a woman who truly loves there is*
"*not a man in the world*; *for the object is*
"*more, and every other leſs.*"

"AND do you ſubſcribe to that opinion,
"Miſs Hanbury."

"OH! moſt aſſuredly, my lord."

"How bleſt then will that man be."

"WELL, but," interrupted Charlotte,
"then

" then poor Welbank is done up. But " do you mean always to be thus diffi- " cult?"

" If you call my incapacity of preferring " theſe two gentlemen being difficult, I " fear I muſt incur that character."

" Ah! my dear Arpaſia," rejoined Charlotte, " I ſee that it is not eaſy to for- " get the ſentiments by which you were " actuated ſome months ago, when you " was the declared heireſs of five thouſand " a year."

Arpaſia, ſuperior to reſentment or recrimination, could not help thinking within herſelf, how eaſy it was to forget the time, when half a year's rental was much more than Charlotte once looked forward to expect. She contented herſelf with ſaying, that ſhe felt no difference in her ſentiments—that at the time Lady Derville ſpecified, ſhe knew the value of happineſs as much as ſhe did now; and that ſhe always thought an union of hands without hearts could never produce it. " As my

" fortune

" fortune is leſſened to nothing, compa-
" ratively ſpeaking," ſhe added, " I ought
" to make up that deficiency by giving
" my whole undivided affections to my
" huſband. In the poſſeſſion of wealth, if
" that was his object, he might receive
" the felicity he coveted—But what could
" give value to this poor hand," ſaid ſhe, extending her lovely arm, with the ſweeteſt air, and which Lord Derville's lips even ached to kiſs, if he dared to do it, " un-
" leſs my heart was in it?—unleſs with
" my ſacred promiſe of *honour* and *obedi-*
" *ence*, I could ſolemnly aver, that I truly
" and ardently loved him to whom I gave
" it?"

ALL this was much beyond the compre-henſion of Charlotte, and equally againſt her practice.

LORD DERVILLE expreſſed his ideas of her nobleneſs of mind—but ſighed on the recollection, that a too fatal precipitancy had united him in indiſſoluble bond to a woman

woman whom his heart never had or could feel a paſſion for, and had precluded him from poſſeſſing one whoſe ſentiments ſo entirely coincided with his own.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Diſappointed Hopes.

MR. CLAVERING was at Lord Derville's early the next morning, to intreat his interpoſition with Arpaſia—He coldly, but politely gave that gentleman to underſtand that he knew Miſs Hanbury's ſentiments relative to him, when he before made propoſals; and that he himſelf had been aſſured, but the preceding evening, from the lady, that ſhe had never felt the ſmalleſt deviation from them—how ſorry ſhe had expreſſed herſelf, that the common civility ſhe had thought due to him as a gentleman, ſhould unfortunately have given riſe to hopes ſhe never had or meant to encourage—that he, Lord Derville, ſhould not have taken on himſelf ſo unpleaſant a taſk, but at the expreſs deſire of Miſs Hanbury; as ſhe feared, from ſome things which Mr. Clavering

vering uttered in the courſe of the even-ing's converſation, that he had an inten-tion of renewing his ſuit, which ſhe moſt earneſtly intreated him never to think of more. As to the idea of forgetting her, it was out of the queſtion; he certainly would not perſecute the lady with diſagree-able addreſſes; but he hoped his renewing them, when the loſs of her fortune had made the advantage obviouſly on her ſide, (he begged to be underſtood, that her merits had, and ever would, place her much above him,) would have given him ſome credit in her eyes. Lord Derville, not able to ſupport the idea of the amiable Arpaſia being looked on as poſſeſſing a common mind only, repeated, in the ea-gerneſs of his zeal to juſtify her, what ſhe had ſaid on the ſubject—He felt a delicate pleaſure, known only to perſons of refined ſentiment, in raiſing her even in the opi-nion of a rival. Clavering allowed the juſtneſs of her remark, and pathetically lamented his want of merit to create in her

boſom

boſom ſuch a paſſion as ſhe had inſpired in his—but yet hoped perſeverence might at laſt be crowned with ſucceſs. This falſe hope Lord Derville warned him againſt encouraging—both, as he was certain it would never meet the approbation of Arpaſia, and was feeding a flame he had better ſtrive to overcome, or tranſmit to ſome woman, who might have a heart reciprocally inclined to reward his conſtancy.

CLAVERING turned on him with quickneſs, and aſked him, ſituated as he was, ſhould he think any time too long, or ill ſpent, with ſuch a reward as Arpaſia in view? Or if his heart had been for eighteen months devoted to ſuch a woman, he could readily diſpoſe it to feel a paſſion for another?

THE other with as much vivacity replied, "I ſhould not think my whole life "too long—though married, I cannot but "ſee the amiable qualities of Miſs Han-"bury, and ſhould ſuppoſe, could you "obtain

" obtain her free choice, that your ſitua-
" tion would be the moſt enviable—But
' *ſweet are the joys that come with willing-*
' *neſs*'—What tranſport could a man feel
" from an intercourſe with any woman,
" even ſuperior to her we are ſpeaking of,
" if ſuch there be, without poſſeſſing her
" heart? She is, you know, above affec-
" tation or diſguiſe—if you was the man
" that had inſpired her with the affection
" ſhe thinks ſhe ought to bear her huſ-
" band, I am convinced from what I have
" ſeen of her noble frankneſs, that ſhe
" would almoſt ſeek the occaſion to tell
" you ſo; ſhe would find the pleaſure of
" pleaſing in the higher ſenſe—Be con-
" vinced, Mr. Clavering, I treat you as
" a friend, in giving you advice that is
" and muſt be ſalutary to you—You may
" retain her good opinion by forbearance
" —you will diſpleaſe and loſe her friend-
" ſhip by obſtinate perſeverence."

The goodneſs of Lord Derville's heart ſhewed itſelf in the advice he gave; for the perſe-

perſeverance of Clavering, though it would have rendered him diſagreeable, would yet have kept off all other pretenders. But Lord Derville eſteemed as much as he loved Arpaſia. He could not then bear to have her made uneaſy to gratify his own feelings. He felt delighted that ſhe had rejected Mr. Clavering. Any unprejudiced perſon muſt allow he was not worthy of her. What his emotions would have been, had he diſcovered a partiality in favour of any body in the behaviour of Arpaſia, remains to be proved. At preſent he knew no pleaſure equal to ſeeing her, and being allowed to call himſelf her friend. It was the height of his views of happineſs, and in poſſeſſing it he thought himſelf at the ſummit of it.

CHAP. XXXV.

Solicitations.

ALL the enſuing week the doors of Lady Derville were unopened to company, very much againſt her inclination, a ſlight fever and ſore throat were the reaſons for her confinement. During that week Lord Derville devoted his whole time to the two ladies. Every evening he read to them, as Charlotte was able to be in her dreſſing-room. He had never paſſed ſuch a week in his life. Arpaſia, on a more intimate knowledge, was a thouſand times more amiable. Her attention to her ſick friend, her fondneſs for the dear little Auguſta, the fund of ſenſe ſhe exhibited with ſuch feminine ſoftneſs, the variety of entertainment ſhe poſſeſſed, her ſinging, her playing—Oh! was it in nature for ſuch a man

as Derville, ſo ſuſceptible of worth, poſſeſſing a heart of the niceſt ſenſibility, not to be charmed, to be rivetted for ever and for ever? Could but his whole life be thus ſpent how happy ſhould he be. He now ſaw her all the day, and every day; he liſtened each hour to her divine voice, and when night ſeparated them, her image, the ſound of her voice, ſtill accompanied him: he ſought not to ſhut them out; he indulged the dear idea of her friendſhip—too pure and too delicate to aſk for more, he thought he might without a crime ſuffer his mind to be filled with her alone.

In that week too Arpaſia diſcovered ſo much goodneſs, ſo great a parity in their minds as ſerved to convince her that in him alone ſhe could meet with a counterpart. She felt the ſincereſt friendſhip for him, but though it amounted to no more, ſhe found it was in vain for any other man to addreſs her. Her plan was fixed, ſhe ſhould ſhape her proſpects to her fortune. When her affairs were entirely ſettled ſhe

would retire to ſome little corner of the world, and live on the moſt pleaſing reflection that that world could beſtow—the knowledge of being eſteemed by Lord Derville. "No," ſaid ſhe, "I will never "marry, becauſe nature cannot have "formed two ſuch men." The natural purity of her mind, with the excellent underſtanding ſhe poſſeſſed, prevented her experiencing any of thoſe anxieties, thoſe ſleepleſs nights and waking painful hours, that the ſex are too often victims too. She had no hopes to feed, nor any wiſhes to gratify. All was calm and ſerene. In poſſeſſing his friendſhip ſhe ſeemed to enjoy every thing.

CHARLOTTE, abſtracted from the real pain ſhe felt, was dying with *ennui*. A whole week ſhut up with her huſband and one female, was enough to put her in the horrors; though they had both, to give them their due, done every thing to amuſe her, and make the time paſs pleaſantly. But the ſameneſs of rational life

was

was to her dullneſs and inſipidity. She looked eagerly forward to the ſcenes of diſſipation which could alone give her joy, and was prevailed on to take care of her health from no other motive than that of being the ſooner able to join the feſtive board. As ſoon as ſhe was allowed to dine below ſtairs, Lord Derville opened his doors to company, which however were yet reſtricted to ſober mortals—not ſuch as ſuited the taſte of Charlotte. Her favourites were of a different order of beings. Sir James Hawley and Lady Anne were now their daily viſitors.

The former, it has been ſaid, was the choſen friend of Lord Derville; a ſimilarity of opinions in moſt things ſhewed itſelf more conſpicuous now in the impreſſion Arpaſia had made on both their hearts. Sir James could not be ignorant of the views of Mr. Clavering, nor could he avoid rejoicing at his diſmiſſion; and as the heart of man is induſtrious in deceiving itſelf, perhaps too, entertaining ſome faint

hopes that an offer from him might not meet rejection. The exceſſive ſweetneſs of Arpaſia's temper, joined to that natural politeneſs of always appearing pleaſed, and accommodating herſelf to her company, not only made her ſtill more amiable in every one's eyes, but made them pleaſed with themſelves. The moſt finiſhed coquet in the world could not have ſucceeded better in gaining hearts by refined ſtudy, than our heroine did without intending it. Her manners were ſo gentle, her tone of voice ſo ſoft, her enquiries after any one's indiſpoſition ſo affectionate. She took ſuch intereſt in the concerns of others, ſuch a ſincere and earneſt pleaſure in promoting their happineſs and welfare, as made her the moſt ſeducing and dangerous of women to live in a houſe with. Had her perſon been only commonly agreeable, it would have been difficult not to have loved her; but perfect beauty, united with elegance, ſenſe, and ſweetneſs, made all reſiſtance prove vain. Many women may have been as

as much admired; but few, if any, ever was to much beloved.

Sir James then only waited a favourable opportunity of declaring himself, being content in the mean time to do her every little service; which, as being of the same nature as she was every instant receiving from Lord Derville, alarmed her no more than those.

Mr. Clavering, really finding his chance of success entirely over, at last gave up the pursuit; and Arpasia, having no trouble from that quarter, felt herself happier than she had done since the death of her grandfather; yet she a little regretted the charming evenings were over, which she had passed a trio with Lord Derville and Charlotte. The company in the drawing-room by no means compensated in her idea. She dwelt with pleasure on each hour as it passed; and, although it had fled on a rapid wing, yet on recollection each minute was stored with something to enrich the memory. How different were

Charlotte's notions of the matter—"If "you had not ſuffered from illneſs, my "dear Charlotte," ſaid Arpaſia, "would "not the week you ſpent in your dreſſing-"room have been a very delightful one?

"*Tout en contraire*," replied ſhe, "very "delightful certainly, to be moped to "death as I was."

"THAT was becauſe you was ill."

"No, if I had been well, it would have "been ten times worſe. Lord! what ſa-"tisfaction to ſit day after day, and ſee "the ſame faces?"

"NOW you ſee, my dear," replied Arpaſia, "that this *ennui* would not have "ſeized you, nor would the ſame faces "have been fatiguing to look at, had you "felt a real tenderneſs for your huſband. "In ſhort, it is neceſſary to have a due "portion of love to ſoften and ſmooth the "calamities of life, for illneſs will ſome-"times overtake us. And, indeed, you "ought to be grateful for the kindneſs "and chearfulneſs with which Lord Der

"ville

" ville gave up his time to you. I am
" convinced, Charlotte, had you ſet about
" it, you would have ſoon gained his
" heart, and experienced in your own the
" moſt exalted of human happineſs, that
" of being neceſſary to and beſtowing it
" on another."

" I HAVE ſeen nothing yet that can in-
" duce me to change my poſition, that I
" am much better off as I am—A fine life
" I ſhould lead truly—for in his own diſ-
" poſition, if I did not rout him a little,
" my lord is juſt ſuch a tame animal, I
" aſk your pardon, as yourſelf. One week,
" you ſee, has quite done me up—How
" then ſhould I have endured a life ſpent
" in this manner?—And of this I am cer-
" tain, had we been of the cooing tribe of
" fond couples, we ſhould have ſet off by
" living in a quiet domeſtic ſtyle—ah! it
" would not have laſted long, if he had
" perſiſted in his ſober plan—I ſhould ſoon
" have died under it. Nay I know this
" precious week would have conſigned me

" to the aſhes of my anceſtors, if it had " not been for you.—Oh! a third perſon " is ſuch a relief!—we never have even a " quarrel to make variety."

ARPASIA could only lift up her eyes, and force a laugh—to reaſon with ſuch an one would be uſeleſs.

" You certainly, my dear Lady Der- " ville," ſaid ſhe, " are much altered ſince " you uſed to paſs your holidays with me " at the caſtle—You were then to all ap- " pearance—and I think I know you too " well, to ſuſpect you of deceit—the moſt " contented, the moſt joyous of human " beings."

" PRAY conſider, my dear," ſhe replied, " how differently I lived with you, to what " I did at home. We judge of moſt things " by compariſon.—To return to what " formed ſo much amuſement, would now, " I own, be very inſipid—but then I knew " nothing of life—and to do you juſtice, " you threw in as much variety as you " could—that merit I allow you, in this

" melancholy

" melancholy week, which is now the ſub-
" ject of our debate.—That I did not die
" of the dumps, I am grateful to you for,
" I aſſure you—when I was with you, we
" had a ſucceſſion of employment, and
" ſomething you was continually propo-
" ſing, that filled up the time—and as I
" ſaid before, the ſcene was very different,
" either from that at ſchool or my father's.
" The uninterrupted ſtudies at Mrs. Pem-
" berton's, made me hate her heartily,
" though I never told you ſo much—and
" then my father, who by the bye was
" diſtreſſed enough to make the ſhabby
" appearance we did—you may be ſure I
" was glad enough to get out of the way,
" and I really loved you better than all the
" world beſide; ſo that actually I was as
" happy, nay I think happier than I have
" ever been ſince.—But we are growing
" dull—and thank heaven, that thunder-
" ing rap revives my heart; the dumb
" doings we have had ſo long, with the

" muffled knocker, was a greater affliction
" to me than the ſore throat."

THE Earl of Carberry was announced, who had not had time to pay his daughter-in-law a viſit before—In truth, he had been too much mortified at the good footing Mr. Clavering ſeemed to be on in Portman-ſquare—but now he ſaw things in a better light. Charlotte, who was dying for a little ſport, and knew the impatience of the earl to have an opportunity of making love to Arpaſia, pretended ſhe had letters to write; that afternoon Lord Derville was engaged at the houſe—Away then ſhe whiſked out of the room, requeſting her friend to amuſe his lordſhip during her abſence. Arpaſia, though ſhe had no idea of the intention of her old admirer, had yet a thouſand times rather have gone into the nurſery, had no alternative—Never had ſhe met with ſo ardent a lover as his lordſhip. He threw himſelf at her feet, and poured forth a moſt lamentable ſtrain of compliment—At firſt ſhe found herſelf diſ-

poſed

poſed to ſmile at his rapture—but ſhe could hardly conceal her diſpleaſure, when ſhe found the obſtinacy with which he proſecuted his ſuit—He ſeized her hand, and almoſt devoured it with kiſſes, ſwore he could not live without her—and that unleſs ſhe would give him ſome hope of obtaining her, he knew not what his deſperation might prompt him to do.

His manner, and a certain freedom of expreſſion, induced her to believe he meant to inſult her. Her pride felt alarmed, and with a ſeverity not uſual to her, ſhe inſiſted on being allowed to retire, and declared ſhe ſhould think herſelf juſtified in doing ſo, whenever Lord Carberry was a gueſt in that houſe—Conſcious that his bold addreſs deſerved reſentment, he now in the moſt humiliating mode of ſupplication implored her pity and forgiveneſs—Arpaſia, however, would not grant the latter, till he re-aſſured her he would never again offend in the like manner, and likewiſe permitted her to leave the room.—

The

The lover, repulſed, but not abaſhed, quitted the houſe with a complimentary meſſage to Lady Derville, but reſolved to ſet every engine to work to bring his purpoſe about—he thought ſhe would keep his ſecret from his ſon—and any one elſe he cared little for. Arpaſia more diſguſted with him than ever, was anxious for the time arriving which would ſeparate the families for the whole ſummer, and conſequently remove her for ever from him; as ſhe ſhould before their return to town have fixed herſelf in ſome ſequeſtered ſpot, where, if ſhe was deprived of that ſociety which alone had charms for her, ſhe ſhould at the ſame time be relieved from ſuch people, as ſhe above all things diſliked.

CHAP-

CHAP. XXXVI.

Leiſure Hours Amuſement.

AS ſoon as the birth-day was over, where Lady Derville had figured with great *eclat*, by appearing in an elegant trimming of Arpaſia's making, the family removed to Sunbury, at which place Lord Derville had a charming villa.

To ſoften the horrors of the country, as Charlotte ſaid, ſhe gave invitations to every body to come and take up their abode with them; ſo that generally the houſe was pretty well filled. Sir James Hawley was a conſtant viſitor; and, notwithſtanding he was no favourite with Lord Derville, the gallant Colonel Howitzer made one of the party frequently. They had a variety of entertainment, and among the reſt *Readings*, which at this time became

became very faſhionable, and which Lord Derville's voice and judicious taſte qualified him particularly for; and to increaſe the amuſement, ſometimes two or three would take diſtinct parts of plays. This amuſement gave the hint of acting plays. Charlotte, who foreſaw from ſuch a ſcheme that more company and diſſipation would be introduced, was eager to put it in execution. Her huſband, who was ever ready to indulge her fancies, and comply with her humour, fixed on a part of the houſe, which, with ſome little alteration, would do extremely well for a theatre.

While theſe preparations were making, they were to fix on their ſubjects and adapt the parts. Charlotte was all alive on the occaſion. She would be miſtreſs of the revels, would name the plays and caſt the characters. And in the latter inſtance ſhe did not ſhew a total want of ſkill.

One of the plays was to be the Clandeſtine Marriage. In which ſhe aſſigned the part of Lord Ogleby to the Earl of Carberry,

Carberry, Mrs. Heidelberg to Lady Anne Travers, Sterling to Mr. Travers, Arpaſia was to perform Fanny; herſelf, Miſs Sterling; Lord Derville, Lovewell; Sir John Melvil by Sir James Hawley; Bruſh, Colonel Howitzer, &c. Many others were likewiſe ſettled, and all agreed to get their parts with expedition. They had gone through two or three rehearſals of different plays, and Charlotte waited with the utmoſt impatience for the completion of the theatre, and the opening their ſummer campaign.

It is a common obſervation, that few perſons know themſelves. Pope ſays,

"The proper ſtudy of mankind is man;"

but the advice of the ancient philoſopher of "know thyſelf," is a better, becauſe more uſeful leſſon. The Earl of Carberry accepted the character of Lord Ogleby, without feeling the ſatire contained in it, or ſeeing that the picture of the old rake was drawn for him, or thinking that it was

his

became very fashionable, and which Lord Derville's voice and judicious taste qualified him particularly for; and to increase the amusement, sometimes two or three would take distinct parts of plays. This amusement gave the hint of acting plays. Charlotte, who foresaw from such a scheme that more company and dissipation would be introduced, was eager to put it in execution. Her husband, who was ever ready to indulge her fancies, and comply with her humour, fixed on a part of the house, which, with some little alteration, would do extremely well for a theatre.

While these preparations were making, they were to fix on their subjects and adapt the parts. Charlotte was all alive on the occasion. She would be mistress of the revels, would name the plays and cast the characters. And in the latter instance she did not shew a total want of skill.

One of the plays was to be the Clandestine Marriage. In which she assigned the part of Lord Ogleby to the Earl of Carberry,

Carberry, Mrs. Heidelberg to Lady Anne Travers, Sterling to Mr. Travers, Arpaſia was to perform Fanny; herſelf, Miſs Sterling; Lord Derville, Lovewell; Sir John Melvil by Sir James Hawley; Bruſh, Colonel Howitzer, &c. Many others were likewiſe ſettled, and all agreed to get their parts with expedition. They had gone through two or three rehearſals of different plays, and Charlotte waited with the utmoſt impatience for the completion of the theatre, and the opening their ſummer campaign.

It is a common obſervation, that few perſons know themſelves. Pope ſays,

"The proper ſtudy of mankind is man;"

but the advice of the ancient philoſopher of "know thyſelf," is a better, becauſe more uſeful leſſon. The Earl of Carberry accepted the character of Lord Ogleby, without feeling the ſatire contained in it, or ſeeing that the picture of the old rake was drawn for him, or thinking that it was his

his own counterpart. Lord Derville could certainly make no objection to the part allotted him, nor did Arpasia feel distressed on the occasion. She looked on his lordship in the light of an affectionate brother, whom she might love without danger; and regarding him as a married man, saw less impropriety in the arrangement, than if she had been given as companion to Sir James Hawley, who felt himself mortified at performing the part of a rejected lover, which his natural timidity and modesty gave him sometimes the painful apprehension of being in reality.

The rehearsals, by agreement, were always to be public; and the several performers were got very forward in their parts. The day was fixed for representation, and numerous invitations given to the environs to partake of the amusement. The preceding evening they were to have their last rehearsal, with the practising the scenes, &c. Charlotte was in high spirits, and

and the whole party retired to reſt, eager for the next day, which was to give them ſo much credit.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVII.

A Conflagration.

BETWEEN two and three o'clock in the morning, Lord Derville was awakened by a violent ſmell of burning. He roſe inſtantly, and throwing on his cloaths, haſtily went out of his chamber—the ſmell increaſed very much.—He returned to awaken his lady, being certain ſome part of the houſe muſt be in flames. The idea of danger, and Arpaſia, were too powerful incentives to be reſiſted, and too much cauſe had he for apprehenſion; for on opening a window, he ſaw the flames iſſuing from the New Theatre, over which was the apartment allotted to the uſe of our heroine, and adjoining to which was the nurſery. Regardleſs now of any thing but the ſafety of thoſe ſo dear to him, he left to

Charlotte

Charlotte the taſk of alarming the houſe; indeed there was none in equal danger with them, even if he could have beſtowed a thought of any other. He flew to the chamber door of Arpaſia, which he found faſt—He hoped to gain a paſſage through the child's room, which he knew communicated to it, and was the reaſon ſhe had fixed on her chamber in that wing. He called to the nurſe, who was faſt aſleep, and ſnatching up the infant, ran with it into Arpaſia's room. She, unconſcious of danger, was in a peaceful ſlumber, with a countenance, that either ſleeping or awake, "ſhot forth peculiar graces." For an inſtant he ſtood gazing on her—A tremor, he had never felt before, pervaded his whole frame—His breath grew ſhort—and he had almoſt forgot the purpoſe for which he entered her room—Juſt in time, however, he collected his wild and ſcattered thoughts—He gently ſighed out her name—ſhe opened her lovely eyes—but ſeeing a man ſtanding by her bed-ſide, ſhe ſhrieked out

and

and ſunk beneath the cloaths—He threw himſelf on his knees, and held out his little Auguſta towards her—" My deareſt Miſs " Hanbury," ſaid he—" do you not know " me?—ſee here is my child—be not too " much alarmed, but for heaven's ſake " riſe inſtantly—you have not a minute to " loſe; part of the houſe is already con- " ſumed—I will retire to the next room— " but do not, deareſt creature, do not loſe " a moment."—He ran out of the chamber, and poor Arpaſia, hardly recovered from the idea of houſe-breakers, roſe with precipitation and began dreſſing herſelf, but from terror, made twenty miſtakes—Lord Derville every inſtant calling to her to make haſte—Happily for her, ſhe eſpied her great coat hanging on a chair; ſhe threw it round her, and belting it cloſe, moved with quickneſs towards the nurſery, where her protector was waiting with impatience to convey her to a place of ſafety —She was going to make her acknowledgements as ſhe entered—He prevented her, by

by claſping her in his arms, and pouring out thankſgivings to Heaven that he had been the means of preſerving her—He took her arm under his, and with his little girl in the other, ran down ſtairs.—The whole familywere now moving, and had actually got into the out-houſes.—There they congratulated each other on their providential eſcape; and when Lord Derville had depoſited his beloved Arpaſia, and dear little infant ſafely with Charlotte; he with the reſt of the gentlemen, and men ſervants returned to the houſe, to endeavour to preſerve ſome of the valuables.—They had had the prudence to ring a great bell, which drew ſome aſſiſtance to them; but their total ignorance of conducting theſe matters in the country, rendered them of ſmall uſe, and very little of the building could be ſaved—ſome of the furniture was got out; with pictures, and moſt of the wearing apparel. Indeed, as Lord Derville had ſecured his treaſure, he looked on the conflagration with as much philoſophy, though

though not hardneſs of heart, as Nero did, when all Rome was burning—And Charlotte, whoſe inſenſibility ſtood with her, as it does with too many in the place of philoſophy and reſignation to divine diſpenſations, extracted mirth from their calamity—She laughed heartily at the groteſque figures they made—and to indifferent perſons they certainly might have been objects of mirth, to ſee their pale faces; for the fright and horror of the ſcene was not yet over—not half dreſſed and the aſſortment but ill—for ſome had no ſtockings—one had a ſlipper on one foot, and a ſhoe on the other—Another had two gowns on, without a petticoat. Arpaſia was beſt off, as her great-coat concealed the inaccuracies of her toilet; but ſhe felt not in herſelf a diſpoſition for mirth. Her heart was heavy, though thankful, and ſhe thought their preſervation called for different ſenſations. She ſat upon the footſtep of one of the carriages, preſſing her darling Auguſta to her boſom, and bending

ing

ing over her little charge, which ſhe had received from the hands of its father; while her pious heart was lifted up to heaven in thankſgiving; a tear ſtole gently down her beauteous cheek, and dropped on the face of the ſmiling babe. At that inſtant of time, Lord Derville was gazing on her, unperceived by any one. He glided up to her, and kneeling down, as if to ſpeak to the child kiſſed off the precious tear that lay ſparkling on its little forehead—"My amiable friend," ſaid he, in the ſofteſt tone to Arpaſia, "you are "not well: The ſhock has been too much "for your gentle and ſenſible heart—Will "you again put yourſelf under my pro-"tection?—I will lead you into the air."

"You are very good," ſhe anſwered—"and I hardly know what language to "uſe, as you prohibit my expreſſing my "obligations to you—I will accept your "offer, for I find ſuch an oppreſſion here", putting her hand on her breaſt, "that I "even breath with difficulty"—He loſt

not a moment in getting her out, he led her to a part of the garden where was a ſeat, and placing her there endeavoured to procure her ſome drops—but that was out of his power; he returned with a glaſs of water, which was of ſervice to her—But nature had done more for her, for ſhe burſt into a violent flood of tears, as ſoon as he parted from her.—Diſtracted with the ſight, Lord Derville threw himſelf on his knees before her, ſhe knowing ſhe ſhould be better after this indulgence, waved her hand to urge him to leave her—He did ſo, more from not being able to conceal his emotions, than from a motive of obedience—In a little time ſhe grew compoſed enough to join him; who was walking in the utmoſt agitation backwards and forwards, and apologized for the weakneſs ſhe had been forced to give way to—which ſhe aſſured him had quite removed her indiſpoſition—The *trio* then, for Auguſta had been of the party, returned to the reſt of the motley groupe, who were making preparations

tions for breakfaſt—at which Arpaſia, now in better ſpirits aſſiſted—The making this meal was attended with ſome difficulty, though they had received ſome aſſiſtance from their neighbours, who humanely offered every thing in their power.

And here ended, even before the commencement, the theatrical campaign of this corps of gentlemen performers—for as ſoon as they could arrange matters, they got into their carriages and ſet off for London.

The providential eſcape of Arpaſia, through the timely aſſiſtance of Lord Derville, for a few minutes after ſhe had quitted her room, it was incompaſſed in flames, filled her ſoul with grateful thankſgivings to Heaven, and certainly inſpired in her boſom feelings of the moſt tender nature for her preſerver—On compariſon between him and any other individual in the world, ſhe found he was the deareſt thing on earth —The intereſt he had taken in her welfare —The ardour with which he had preſſed

her to his boſom—his agitation at ſeeing her tears, all endeared him to her, and gave riſe to ſentiments, or rather awakened them which ſhe knew not ſhe poſſeſſed.—She had received great attention and aſſiduity from Sir James Hawley, nay, it is not to be doubted he would have done as much for her as the other.—She found herſelf obliged for what he had done—but oh! how different did ſhe feel, though her expreſſions were equally polite in returning her acknowledgements—ſhe was collected—ſhe had words at command—ſhe felt no ſuffocation—no tear flowed. He was charmed ten thouſand times more with her, for her even thinking herſelf obliged to him—undeſignedly ſhe rivetted his fetters ſtill more cloſe, and unfortunately too for him, he from that moment ſuffered deceitful hope to raiſe its throne in his boſom.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

A Trip to Brighton.

THE damage done to the buildings of Sunbury, rendered all poſſibility of returning to it that ſummer obvious to them —Charlotte did not feel much mortification from the circumſtance of being obliged to go elſewhere; as variety always carried with it the idea of pleaſure. It is ſaid, but unjuſtly I believe, that great bodies move ſlow—However, great people move quick, as there are ſo many little people in the world, born for no other purpoſe, no doubt, than to take all trouble off their hands—By the aid then of theſe neceſſary auxilliaries and appendages to grandeur, the family of the Dervilles were able to ſet off for Brighton in about a week from the fatal termination of their theatrical manœuvres.

THE day before they left London, Lord Derville came into the room where Arpaſia was ſitting, with a book in her hand — He begged pardon for intruding on her, but he had ſomething of importance to communicate to her. The equality of her temper could not have felt any alarm from his preſence, had ſhe not caſt her eyes on him while he was ſpeaking, and ſaw a viſible alteration in his features—Her heart fluttered, and with a tremulous voice, ſhe requeſted him to inform her what had occaſioned the perturbation his looks expreſſed. He then collected himſelf, and aſſuming a gayer air, laughed at the accidental gravity of his countenance; though to a diſcerning eye it ſtill remained under the forced ſmile.—In a rather round about manner, he then gave her to underſtand he had been commiſſioned by his friend, Sir James Hawley, to endeavour to learn the real ſtate of her heart and her ſentiments for him—freely owning that ſhe alone had the power of diſpenſing happineſs or miſery,

ſery, by her acceptance or rejection. "All "this," ſaid he, "I meant to have ſpared "myſelf—I mean to have ſaved you the "trouble of hearing, by writing you a "letter on the ſubject—I began more than "one, but could not pleaſe myſelf; how-"ever, I have acted the part my friend "Hawley requeſted of me, though I told "him I ſhould make but a poor proxy— "I have a great regard for him; could I "have given a ſtronger proof of it, than "in becoming his advocate with a wo-"man, who in my opinion no man can "deſerve?"

THIS compliment brought up a ſweet bluſh in the cheeks of Arpaſia—ſhe bowed, but ſpake not a word. He moſt honourably pronounced his friend's eulogium, and ſo far, no doubt, did his ſuit ſome ſervice; as his influence certainly was great in the boſom of Arpaſia. Lord Derville ſaid, Sir James had requeſted his opening the buſineſs, as he knew the good opinion which ſhe entertained of his lordſhip—

"But does he not over-rate my happi-
"neſs?" he aſked, with a look of tender diſquietude.

"If any part of it is built on my good
"opinion, my lord," Arpaſia replied,
"he certainly does not; and I am much
"better pleaſed that you ſhould have un-
"dertaken this taſk, as it is much eaſier
"in theſe affairs to ſpeak to proxies than
"to principals—to my Lord Derville,
"who has given me leave to look up to
"him as a kind brother, I can have no
"reſerve—He will diſcriminate between
"eſteem, and that ſort of preference which
"I think ſo neceſſary to the happineſs of
"the married ſtate—The very ſingle cir-
"cumſtance of being your friend would
"inſure the *firſt* ſentiment to Sir James
"Hawley; but I muſt feel the *latter* in a
"very high degree, before I can bring my-
"ſelf to give him my hand—that, my
"heart tells me, I never can do. I ſee his
"merit; but I ſee it with a coldneſs that
"is unintereſting—I feel grateful to him,

"for

" for the honour he does me in this flatter-
" ing diſtinction; but he ought to be
" happier than it is in my power to make
" him. He ſhould be bleſt (if my prayers
" have influence with the only Diſpoſer of
" Happineſs, it will not be long ere he is)
" with the hand of a woman, who looking
" round the univerſe ſhould ſee but him,
" who ſhould feel that marked preference
" for his virtues and perſon, as would con-
" ſtitute him all the world to her—I wiſh
" him too well, not to ſave him the miſery
" of being united to a woman whoſe heart is
" inſenſible to that paſſion, without which
" there can be no felicity in marriage.—
" You, my lord, as his friend, and being
" maſter of my ſentiments, will kindly
" put my refuſal of the honour of his al-
" liance in the language moſt likely to re-
" concile him to it—And I ſhall feel myſelf
" ſtill more indebted to you, than I have
" ever been, if by your eloquence he is
" convinced of the reaſonableneſs of my
" motives."

"OH!" cried he, "what language ſo "ſweet as your own!—And yet poor "Hawley! he muſt admire you ſtill more "for your noble frankneſs. I will write to "him immediately—I would rather not ſee "him juſt now—You have, my dear Miſs "Hanbury, in a manner that does the "higheſt honour to your heart and head, "within theſe two months rejected ſeveral, "as the world calls them, advantageous, "offers—All ages and conditions ſee, and "bow to your extraordinary merit and "charms——And can that heart," continued he, taking her hand, "can that "heart be naturally cold and inſenſible? "—Oh! 'tis impoſſible!—Yet," added he, letting her hand drop, and walking away from her, "what right, what au- "thority have I to aſk the queſtion—a "queſtion that I, ſituated as I am, can "have no intereſt in having anſwered— "but," coming up to her again, and drawing a chair cloſe by her, "it may be "ſome ſatisfaction to Hawley, if you will

"indulge

" indulge me with ſaying whether that " valuable heart—no, it would be aſſum- " ing too much—Why ſhould I ſeek to " develop your private thoughts? Be they " ever ſacred."

ARPASIA knew not how to act; ſhe had no preference to declare; and Lord Derville ſeemed, though much agitated, not to urge her confidence—but with her uſual openneſs ſhe ſaid to him—" I do aſſure " you, my lord, I will never engage my- " ſelf to any man without taking your " advice in it—I think it very probable I " ſhall never marry—My mind muſt alter " exceedingly indeed if ever I ſhould."

LORD DERVILLE, riſing, ſaid, " then, " madam, I have no hopes to give my " friend."

" AH! my lord," ſhe anſwered, " how " fruitleſs muſt thoſe hopes be that would " end in diſappointment!" He ſighed, and again was going to ſpeak, but it was only an effort, for he ſaid nothing, but, bowing, left her. She felt herſelf

diſtreſſed and agitated—her mind was confuſed—perhaps her rejection had diſpleaſed Lord Derville. He had intereſted himſelf in the cauſe of his friend—The alliance would have been ſuitable, even if ſhe ſtill had been an heireſs—As a friend, his lordſhip might wiſh ſuch an eſtabliſhment for her—If ſhe had diſpleaſed Lord Derville, how wretched ſhe muſt be!—To have obliged him, ſhe could do every thing ſhort of giving her hand to Sir James Hawley. "Oh! let me have the happineſs "of reinſtating myſelf in his eſteem—let "me poſſeſs his friendſhip, and the uni-"verſal love of mankind would be no-"thing in my ſight." A tear accompanied this ſoliloquy. She took the book againſt in her hand, but the ſubject was the laſt thing ſhe thought of—As a proof, when Lady Derville came in, which was ſometime after, ſhe looked over her ſhoulder—"Well, my dear, ſaid ſhe, "you "have a mind to give that author a "thorough

" thorough reading; for having gone over " one way, you will take it I ſee another."

ARPASIA bluſhed a deep ſcarlet, at now for the firſt time ſeeing ſhe held the book the wrong ſide upwards—She laughed at her inattention, frankly ſaying, it proved ſhe was either thinking of ſomething elſe, or elſe how great an adept ſhe was in reading.

THIS little incident however alarmed her much, and made her reſolve to be more circumſpect in future, and not ſuffer her imagination to outrun her reaſon; for ſhe had been tracing out in her idea her poſſeſſion of a little neat cottage in ſome retired part, where ſhe might indulge herſelf with the ſweet, and, ſhe hoped, innocent pleaſure of counting over, and revering the virtues of her friend—He too, ſhe flattered herſelf, ſometimes, perhaps once in a year, for a day or two, together with Charlotte, would dignify her dwelling with his preſence—How ſhould ſhe look forward to the ſtated period of ſeeing him—and know

know no lapſe of time, from fixing her eye on that hour which would again make him an inmate—A heart, pure as hers, which almoſt doubled the propriety of this indulgence, might well ſend up its conſent to her face and neck, when diſcovered in her reverie.

She ſaw no more of Lord Derville that day, nor indeed till he joined them on the road to Brighton. She made no enquiry concerning Sir James Hawley, ſatisfied, from the pleaſing attention of his lordſhip, that the fear of offending him was merely ideal.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIX.

The Walk on the Stein.

THE morning after their arrival, Arpaſia, to whom the ſea was a new object, expreſſed a deſire to go down to it. Lady Derville had the greateſt inclination to walk upon the Stein, becauſe there ſhe ſhould ſee moſt people; and the firſt perſons that attracted their notice were Lady Marſden and Colonel Howitzer, on whoſe arm ſhe was leaning. It was plain enough, from Charlotte's manner, that the rencontre was not purely accidental; and as obvious too that ſhe felt hurt by the circumſtance of his being thus attended. Arpaſia made theſe obſervations with a ſincere grief. She had too often ſeen the viſible partiality of her friend for the Colonel, but the trait of jealouſy, which exhibited

exhibited itſelf on her countenance, gave a more ſerious alarm than any thing. Charlotte had never diſcovered ſenſibility — ſhould ſhe do ſo now in favour of a man ſo unworthy of inſpiring it, ſhe dreaded what might be the conſequence. Lady Marſden viſited frequently at Lord Derville's. She was a young widow of good fortune, and ſufficient ſpirit to enjoy it, without being ſcrupulous about trifles.

THE Colonel joined them immediately, and walking next to Charlotte found means to make his peace in a ſhort time. Her gloom vaniſhed, and ſhe became the beſt company in the world, which the old dowager contributed to, by ſaying ſhe was heartily glad to be relieved from her companion, who was the dulleſt of all poſſible creatures in a *tete à tete*. Charlotte, who never found him dull, naturally attributed it to a cauſe in her favour.

ARPASIA, finding ſhe ſhould not be miſſed in the party, ſtrolled down to the beach to enjoy the glorious ſcene before her.

her. The vaſt ocean, as it appeared to her, filled her with the moſt ſtupendous idea of the great Creator. She ſat down on a rock, and could have remained there for ever, with her eyes fixed on the rolling waves, which were now coming in; and perhaps ſhe might, through ignorance of the quick advance of the tide, have ſtaid too long, had not her guardian angel in the perſon of Lord Derville, interrupted her ſerious contemplation, by warning her that ſhe would ſoon be overtaken by the waves.

She made moſt ſenſible and judicious obſervations on the watry expanſe, which at once divides and connects the globe; that wafts the riches of one country to the remoteſt verge of another, and *ſpeeds the ſoft intercourſe* of letters *to the baniſhed lover from the captive maid.* Lord Derville could have liſtened to her for ever: He heard with rapture all his own ſentiments deli-vered in the ſweeteſt language and moſt perſuaſive

perſuaſive ſounds. They were doubly endeared to his heart becauſe they were hers.

THEY went together to the Stein, but the trio had gone to eat ice at Melang's, whither they followed, and in the evening they went to the rooms.

HERE was a conſtant *routine* of amuſements moſt admirably adapted to the taſte of Charlotte. The library, the raffles, the walk, the rides, the rooms, the balls, were alternately viſited; and, what is worſe in reality, though ſhe thought it gave a zeſt to the whole, Colonel Howitzer was for ever of her parties.

A MAN who never loved his wife, cannot be jealous of her affections; but as ſhe is the guardian of his honour, he ſuffers if ſhe is negligent of her charge. Lord Derville extremely diſliked the Colonel, and one day remonſtrated with her on the glaring impropriety of being always ſeen with ſuch a man. Charlotte received his admonitory lecture with a very bad grace; and replied with ſome tartneſs, "that

"people

" people ſhould be doubly cautious of " their own conduct, who were ſo quick- " ſighted in their obſervations on others."

As Lord Derville was wholly unconſciouſneſs of deſerving the ſarcaſm, it cauſed no alteration in his countenance or behaviour. He had never, in the ſlighteſt inſtance, violated his matrimonial engagement, and had been moſt ſcrupulouſly exact in paying her every attention, and indulging her fancies. He examined his heart in relation to his attachment to Arpaſia; and the reſult was, the conviction of the moſt delicate purity. It is true, he loved her with all the ardour that it was poſſible for ſuch a woman to create in a boſom formed of the tendereſt materials, and feelingly alive to the ſoft paſſions. However ſtrong his affections were, he knew he had, out of reſpect to the object, ever kept the ſtricteſt guard on his looks, his actions, and his expreſſions. Charlotte could not have ſuſpicions. Her inſenſibility and indifference towards him muſt preclude

preclude that quickneſs of obſervation that frequently ſees more than there is in reality. He then rather attributed her ſharp retort to a childiſh petulance, impatient of the leaſt controul.

THERE was however a remoter cauſe, which it was not likely he ſhould be acquainted with. The Earl of Carberry, ſtung with rage and jealouſy at the repeated rejections he had met with from Arpaſia, (for notwithſtanding the ſteady repulſe ſhe had given him as has been recorded, he determined in the perſeverance of his diſguſting addreſſes, and had even ſent her letter after letter) ſet himſelf to watch the countenances of every one that approached her, and likewiſe the manner in which ſhe was affected. From his diſcerning eyes it was impoſſible for ſo artleſs a creature as Arpaſia, and whoſe ſoul might be read in her animated features, to conceal the real pleaſure ſhe received from the converſation and friendſhip of his ſon. Not that he could promiſe himſelf much ſucceſs from his

his malevolence; yet he laboured to poiſon the mind of Charlotte, by infuſing into it ſuſpicion that an attachment was formed between her huſband and friend— This manœuvre required ſome management, which however was eaſy enough to a man whoſe whole life had been ſpent in ſchemes of the worſt kind.

INDIFFERENT to her huſband—and not poſſeſſing innate virtue enough to care whether that of her friend was immaculate, while neither was a reſtraint on her actions, ſhe left it to themſelves to ſettle their own affairs as they liked beſt—But when Lord Derville in a ſerious manner, took notice of a partiality ſhe was too conſcious was reprehenſible, though as yet not criminal, the detection rouſed her anger, and as people of weak underſtandings think their own lapſe juſtified by the faults of others, urged her to make the recrimination ſhe did— Not that ſhe even wiſhed it otherwiſe—the imprudence of her friend, who had ever been looked on as a pattern, ſhe thought would

would excuſe any error ſhe might be guilty of—And two or three winters in high life, had entirely removed the idle prejudices ſhe had imbibed when young, of virtue and modeſty being the brighteſt jewels in a woman—Her aſſociates ſoon taught her a different leſſon—and that ſhe was not a greater proficient, proceeded more from accident than principle—She had for ſome time been heartily tired of Arpaſia's company, nor would ſhe have been ſo anxious to retain her with her, but from the hint Lord Carberry had given, which induced her to hope, that both Lord Derville and ſhe would be too much taken up with their own attachment, to have leiſure for inveſtigating her conduct.

CHAP-

CHAP. XL.

The Picture of a bad Father.

WHEN the propoſal for the Dervilles paſſing ſome months at Brighton was firſt talked of, Sir James Hawley was to have made one of the party—the reaſon of his not joining it, muſt be obvious to every one. Out of humour with himſelf and careleſs what became of him, he liſtened to the perſuaſion of ſome young men of his acquaintance, who urged the beſt way to forget one fine woman, was to ſacrifice at the ſhrine of another leſs rigorous—with a mind very little in tune for ſuch adventures, he followed them to a noted houſe, where proſtitute beauty puts on all its charms, to enſnare and allure the giddy and licentious.

SURROUNDED by a groupe of the ſame claſs with himſelf, he eſpied Lord Carberry

berry—He felt a conſcious bluſh over-ſpread his cheek, but the volatile and diſſipated air of that nobleman ſoon reconciled him to the idea of mixing in the jovial ſet. Lord Carberry at firſt pretended to be ſurprized at ſeeing him, judging he had been at Brighton.

THE very name of the place cauſed a ſudden dejection to uſurp the aſſumed gaiety of Sir James. He ſighed and ſhook his head—He was rallied by the old devotee of vice—and bid, the next time he appointed an ambaſſador to the court of Cupid, not to ſend a diſaffected miniſter—He haſtily demanded what Lord Carberry meant?—"Are you then to learn," ſaid he, "that Arpaſia Hanbury is too dear to "Lord Derville, for him to act with juſ-"tice by his friend Hawley?"

"Trifles light as air
"Are to the jealous confirmation ſtrong
"As proofs of holy writ."

EVERY action, each word of his once valued friend Lord Derville, now was canvaſſed

vaſſed, and in the breaſt of Hawley amounted to treaſon againſt their "ancient "amity"—He recollected circumſtances that his fooliſh credulous heart looked on as ſo many proofs of regard, but which now, poſſeſſed of the clue Lord Carberry had given him, were evident marks of his guilt —Oh! it was clearly ſo—and only blindneſs, like his, could have been ſo impoſed on—The reflections ariſing from this detection of baſeneſs in Lord Derville, prevented all reliſh for the kind of amuſement he was likely to meet with in that place—He threw down five guineas as a peace-offering, and haſtily quitted a ſet, a heart like his was too refined ever to find enjoyment in—He returned to his houſe, the moſt wretched of human beings—From early boyhood he had loved Lord Derville—He had communicated to him, in the moſt perfect confidence, every emotion of his ſoul;

——"To thee his ſimple heart,
With eaſy faith and fondneſs breath'd its ſmart."

Some myſtery too he remembered during their excurſion in the country—" He has " never behaved with openneſs to me," he cried in a reproachful tone—" He has " hardly ever mentioned the name of Ar- " paſia—Ever being unwilling to enter on " the ſubject—Artful, diſſimulating, trea- " cherous Derville!—Never will I hold " converſe with thee again—I abjure thy " friendſhip—or rather thy proſtitution of " that ſacred ſentiment." He ſat off the next day for the Continent, reſolved never to ſeek a rencontre with the man he had once eſteemed—but at the ſame time ſhould he fall in his way, to reproach him with his perfidy and ſting his ſoul with remorſe.

Lord Carberry, after a night of debauch, retired with the ſatisfaction of having for ever diſunited two friends, who but for him would have ended their days together in harmony. This he thought was paving the way to the deſtruction of Arpaſia. He hoped by ſome means her character would ſuffer, which would partly

gratify

gratify his revenge, if it did not in ſome degree facilitate his further wiſh of obtaining her ſome how or other; at any rate he ſhould diſturb that happineſs he could not taſte.

CHAP. XLI.

The Boat in Diſtreſs.

LORD DERVILLE had procured a very good teleſcope, which afforded infinite amuſement to Arpaſia, by enabling her to diſcern objects at a great diſtance on her favourite element. She had never ſeen a ſhip. The boldneſs of the ſhore at Brighthelmſtone prevents the near approach of veſſels of any ſize. It was natural for one ſo ignorant of maritime affairs, to wiſh with eagerneſs that a ſhip ſhe ſaw through the glaſs, would come near enough for her to examine it accurately. Lord Derville explained to her the danger the veſſel would encounter, ſhould her wiſh be indulged; "but," continued he, "though "the mountain will not come to Maho-"met, Mahomet may go to the mountain

"—What

" —What ſay you, Miſs Hanbury, ſhould " you object to an excurſion on the water? " Charlotte, I am certain, will be happy " to be one of the party—The day is fine, " I will go down to the beach to ſecure a " boat, and I ſhall expect you ladies to " follow as ſoon as you can." Not a ſingle negative was offered—Charlotte in her own mind was ſorry the plan was to be put in immediate execution, as ſhe could not enlarge the company. However, as this happened the day after the lecture, as ſhe called it, from her huſband, ſhe had not courage to propoſe ſending to thoſe ſhe would wiſh to augment it—The ladies then were ſoon ready to join his lordſhip on the beach, where was a boat waiting for them. Charlotte, however, either was, or pretended to be panic ſtruck, though ſhe had been on the water ſeveral times; having croſſed the Channel, ſince her marriage, from Dover to Calais. Arpaſia with great good humour, begged they might return home; but Lady Derville declared, if ſhe

and my lord would not go, notwithſtanding her unaccountable fear, ſhe ſhould be under the neceſſity of attending them.—After ſome time ſpent in altercation, thro' the exceſs of politeneſs, Charlotte came off victorious. Arpaſia had too much confidence in Lord Derville, to feel the leaſt apprehenſion of impropriety in going with him. They only propoſed rowing and ſailing up to the veſſel, make the tour of it, and return directly.

It has been juſtly ſaid that excurſions on the water, are parties of pleaſure, till they are put in execution—So many things frequently occur to overthrow the amuſement propoſed—Nothing could be more promiſing than their outſet. They preſently reached the ſhip, and Arpaſia felt the utmoſt ſurprize at the ſize of it, the buſy countenances ſhe ſaw, and above all the pleaſing deſcriptions her companion gave of men of war, &c.

In a joking way, Lord Derville aſked the ſteerſman how long they ſhould be in reaching

reaching Dieppe? "Why," ſays he, "with "the wind that is ſpringing up, for I ſee "a gale coming, we ſhall not be above "twelve hours in getting thither."

"WHAT ſay you to the trip?" ſaid his lordſhip to Arpaſia, "ſhould you not like "to ſee France?" She paid more attention to the boatman juſt then, than ſhe did to his propoſal—his ſaying he *ſaw a gale* rather alarmed her; they however aſſured her there was no danger, and relying on their knowledge, ſhe ſuppreſſed her fears, and again entered into pleaſing converſe with Lord Derville. He deſcribed to her the lakes of Geneva, and aſked her if ſhe had ever read Rouſſeau's Eloiſe, and parlicularly the account which St. Prieux gives of the rocks of Meillerie? She replied ſhe had, and admired the language extremely—Lord Derville then broke forth in a rapturous paſſage in French, where St. Prieux meditates the intention of claſping Eloiſe in his arms, and plunging into the lake, and almoſt involuntarily caſt the moſt paſſionate glance

at Arpaſia, at the ſame time putting one arm round her waiſt—She ſhrunk from his embrace, and anſwered in Engliſh, "I "like to read French, but I never talk it "where I can uſe my own language to be "underſtood." He ſaw the reproof which was thus delicately conveyed, and continued the converſation ſo as to make the boatmen partakers of it, though they preſumed not to join in it.

THEY now thought it time to put about, and one of the men ſaid, "we muſt make "what haſte we can, I ſee bad weather "coming." A blackneſs, which thoſe uſed to the ſea know very well portends a ſtorm, glided at a great diſtance on the waves; the clouds gathered, and the wind roſe, accompanied with ſome faint flaſhes of lightening. Lord Derville, who began to grow apprehenſive for his poor partner, begged them to make to ſhore with all expedition; at the ſame time uſing every endeavour to keep up her ſpirits, which at this time ſeemed to be guided by the winds

fluctuating

fluctuating as they did, between hope and fear. The men exerted themſelves to make the port of Brighthelmſtone; but the wind had ſhifted ſo many points, that their efforts were fruitleſs for a long time—The terror of Arpaſia now increaſed to an alarming degree—ſhe grew pale as aſhes—the thunder rolled over their heads, while the waves waſhed them every minute. Lord Derville was almoſt diſtracted—he accuſed himſelf for being the cauſe of affrighting her. She intreated him not to reflect on himſelf—it was an indulgence to her wiſhes—ſhe lamented being the means of danger to him. "Oh!" cried he, preſſing her to his boſom, for the boat rolled ſo much that he was obliged to hold her—"talk not of danger to me—could I but "ſee *you* ſafe, the wreck of the univerſe, "with all that I could feel, would be no-"thing—Say, lovely, amiable Arpaſia, "can you pardon me?"

"I CAN pardon every thing," ſaid ſhe, "but your undeſerved anger againſt your-

" ſelf—And indeed to ſee you thus alarm-
" ed terrifies me ſtill more than the ſtorm
" —But I hope we ſhall ſoon get to ſhore
—Pray, Sir," to one of the men, " ſhall
" we be long in getting to that land? we
" ſeem very near it."

" As near as we are," he replied, " we
" perhaps may never reach it—for my part
" I do not think the boat can live in ſuch
" a head-ſea."

" Oh! my God!" exclaimed Arpaſia, lifting up her claſped hands, and ſinking half breathleſs on the ſhoulder of Lord Derville, " what will become of us?" The heaving of the boat made her ſick, and her own dreadful apprehenſions almoſt deprived her of reaſon. The agony of Lord Derville's mind cannot be expreſſed—he folded the near expiring beauty in his arms, and preſſing his cheek to her pale face, exclaimed, " Yes, my Arpaſia, we
" ſhall die—but we ſhall die together." He hung over her in ſpeechleſs deſpair for ſome minutes. To give her more freedom,

he

he pulled off her neckcloth, and unbuttoned her ſhirt collar—could he have diveſted himſelf of apprehenſion for her, whom more than life he adored, what a ſcene of beauty was now exhibited. Her lovely neck and throat open to his view, and more eminently ſet off by the contraſt of her black habit. Her fine hair diſhevelled, and falling in ringlets over her ſhoulders.

"But who can paint the lover as he ſtood?"

If my readers have contemplated the beautiful painting of De Loutherbourg's Boat in Diſtreſs, they may have a faint idea of the diſtraction that ſeized Lord Derville.

The boat at laſt providentially made land, but at a ſea-port about twelve or fourteen miles from Brighton. They hove into a ſmall creek; and, making the boat tolerably ſteady, Lord Derville bore his precious charge through the ſea up to his knees, and conveyed her to a little hut on the beach. She was ſo much exhauſted with terror, that it was a long time before

ſhe quite recovered her ſenſes. A poor woman, who lived in the cottage, made a fire to dry their cloaths; but Lord Derville was more anxious to get ſome cordial for his beloved Arpaſia. They poured a little brandy down her throat, which revived her. In the utmoſt rapture he fell on his knees to thank Heaven for their preſervation; and, as he knelt before her claſped her lovely waiſt, and imprinted a moſt fervent kiſs on her lips. His own, uttering the fondeſt tendereſt things that love could inſpire. Arpaſia, though no prude, felt alarmed at his manner. She now too ſaw the diſorder of her dreſs. "For heaven's ſake, my lord," ſaid ſhe, "leave me!" She withdrew her hand haſtily from his, and turning away while the tears flowed faſt down her cheeks—"To what has my folly expoſed me!"

"Oh!" cried he in the moſt ſupplicating manner, "will you not make ſome "allowance for the diſtraction of having "ſeen you nearly dead, and now beholding "you in ſafety!"

She

She made no anſwer, but caſting a look of reproach on him, threw a pocket handkerchief round her neck, and buttoned her dreſs cloſe. Her neckcloth was gone. He conſtrued her look in a ſenſe that almoſt deprived him of reaſon.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "am I "then ſo abhorred a monſter in your idea, "as to be thought capable, at ſuch a time "too, of taking a baſe advantage of your "ſituation? Can you for one inſtant be-"lieve me ſo loſt to every ſenſe of de-"cency, as by my act to offend a purity "I would die to preſerve? Oh! Miſs "Hanbury, for heaven's ſake, think better "of me—think better of yourſelf than to "imagine, that excellence, ſuch as yours, "could inſpire any ſentiments but venera-"tion and reſpect in the boſom of a man, "who is not diveſted of human nature. "Believe me, madam, nothing but my "dreadful apprehenſion of preſent ſuffo-"cation could have induced me to remove "any part of your dreſs. My alarm was

"equal

" equal to your danger—in ſuch a moment " could I ſeek a gratification of ſo mean a " curioſity? Could I have a thought of " expoſing any, the leaſt part, of your " lovely perſon, at the inſtant when I too " firmly believed we were both going to " be plunged into the depths of the ſea for " ever? I will leave you, ſince you requeſt " it with ſo much earneſtneſs. I will do " more, I will for ever baniſh myſelf from " your preſence, which in a moment of " agony I have fatally diſcovered is too " dear to me. But to repair the injury " which deſpair and anguiſh cauſed me to " commit, I will for ever forego it. And " all the recompence I aſk for ſuch a ſa- " crifice is not to be thought of by you as " the vileſt of all human beings."

ARPASIA could no longer deny credit to aſſertions, which were indeed true, and which the diſtreſs ſhe ſaw him in proved beyond doubt. However, ſhe ſtill intreated him to repair, if poſſible to meet with any conveyance, to Brighton immediately.

diately. He agreed to do ſo, and prevailed on her to remain quietly there till he could ſend a carriage for her. He had the happineſs to ſee peace and aſſurance of his honour reſtored to the heart of the adored Arpaſia. He vowed never to give her cauſe to repent of her forgiveneſs, and reſolved to keep a padlock on his lips. Indeed nothing but the ſituation he was in could have urged him to a diſcloſure of the paſſion that almoſt conſumed him; for he revered as much as he loved her. His paſſion was worthy of the object. Nothing could exceed its fervor, but its purity.

He got a horſe, on which he made the greateſt expedition to Brighton; and as ſoon as he arrived had ordered a chaiſe to be got ready. He would have wiſhed Charlotte would have gone to eſcort Arpaſia, but finding ſome difficulty ſtarted, he diſpatched Catherine, attended by a man ſervant, for the purpoſe of conveying her lady in ſafety to the place, which ſome hours before they had quitted with ſo

pleaſing

pleaſing a proſpect of ſpending an agreeable day. So little do we ſhort ſighted mortals know what evil is prepared for us, and what clouds may intervene to obſcure the ſun from our view !

CHAP-

CHAP. XLII.

The Fete Champetre.

THE extreme diſorder of Arpaſia's mind, added to her fright and fatigue, made bed the moſt deſirable place for her, as ſoon as ſhe reached Lord Derville's. To bed ſhe went, but not to reſt. Her danger, her eſcape, and the conſequent diſcovery of Lord Derville's real ſentiments for her, formed a conflict of thought, which, ſuper-added to the incidents of the day, threw her into a fever. She was confined to her room ſeveral days; and, as quiet was ſtrongly recommended by her phyſician, Charlotte came very ſeldom to ſee her. Lord Derville, though almoſt diſtracted at the conſequences of her fright, &c. was obliged to reſtrain his ardour; and content himſelf, as well as he could, by frequent enquiry

enquiry—He almoſt feared her confinement was a pretence to keep out of his ſight—"Yet why ſhould ſhe do thus—when ſhe "knows one word from her, would re-"move me to the fartheſt verge of the "globe if ſhe wiſhed it?—Every thing," he added, "ſhe can do with me, but make "me ceaſe to remember her worth, her "beauty, her ſweetneſs—In that one ar-"ticle of memory I muſt diſobey her."

CHARLOTTE paſſed her time, quite to her own mind—ſhe had no gentle reproving looks from Arpaſia, and her huſband was too much abſorbed in grief for the illneſs of the former, to waſte a thought on her—His attention, however, was raiſed at laſt by the imprudence of her conduct—The whiſper of ſcandal had gone forth—and the finger of ſlander pointed at Charlotte and Colonel Howitzer. Lord Derville in ſtill plainer terms, told Charlotte, the diſgrace ſhe was incurring by her behaviour, and that unleſs ſhe put ſome reſtraint

ſtraint on herſelf, he ſhould leave Brighton while yet ſhe had a reputation to preſerve.

She replied, ſhe knew her own innocence, and was very indifferent about the opinion of the cenſorious world—from which, ſhe believed, others had their ſhare of calumny as much as, and perhaps more deſerving than herſelf—this was the ſecond time, on the ſame occaſion, ſhe had thrown out this hint.

He aſked her the meaning of her alluſion with great earneſtneſs—As ſhe had really no grounds for what ſhe ſaid, but the information of Lord Carberry, who had requeſted ſecreſy from her —ſhe pauſed, not knowing what to anſwer—He then thought as he did before, that it was only a ſpiteful way of recrimination, without other meaning, than merely to vex him and vent her anger.

He told her the only way to avoid the cenſure of the world, was to act with propriety in the character aſſigned us—that her frequent appearance with Colonel Howitzer,

itzer, a man of known reprobate principles, and Lady Marſden, at beſt but of doubtful fame. were ſufficient reaſons for the world judging as it thought it had a right to do, on a woman, whoſe apparent proceedings ſet it at defiance—that if ſhe had any ſenſe of what duty belonged to her family, her child, or reputation, ſhe would relinquiſh acquaintances that muſt bring diſgrace on them all—And further he muſt tell her, if *ſhe* was too careleſs to pay the neceſſary attention to thoſe requiſites, *he* muſt take the charge of her conduct on himſelf—He had been informed ſhe had accepted of an invitation to a Fete, to be given by ſome of the moſt diſſipated men at Brighton, he begged ſhe would have ſo much regard to the peace of her family, as not to be preſent.

She anſwered haughtily, ſhe did not marry to be controuled—She never did any thing ſhe was aſhamed of, nor ſhould ſhe give up the ſociety of her choſen friends to humour the caprice of any one—and ſo

ſaying

ſaying, ſhe flung out of the room in high diſdain—She went directly to Arpaſia's chamber, who perceived ſomething had vexed her—ſhe enquired with the moſt friendly ſolicitude. Charlotte, whoſe heart was burſting with anger, fell a crying, and related how harſhly her huſband had treated her—Arpaſia, who really, even as Charlotte told the ſtory, ſaw nothing but ſound reaſoning on the ſide of Lord Derville, ſtrove to convince her friend of the actual impropriety of her diſpleaſure, and her wiſh that ſhe would comply with his requeſt.

"I KNEW," ſhe anſwered pettiſhly, "that you would be of his ſide."

"MY deareſt Charlotte," replied Arpaſia, "and ſo would you too, if you "would allow your reaſon to give a ver-"dict, you are at preſent a little chagrined, "will you give me leave to mediate be-"tween you?"

"I AM convinced," ſaid ſhe, "if you "will aſk him to let me go, he would not "deny me—You can do any thing with "him

" him—Do, my dear Arpaſia, come down
" with me."

" Do not, my love, urge me to make an
" improper requeſt to his lordſhip—I will
" go down with you moſt certainly, and
" hope to correct any little differences be-
" tween you, and pray do conſider the
" matter maturely—and reflect in your
" own mind whether it is worth while to
" ſacrifice domeſtic peace, for the trifling
" advantage of paſſing your time with per-
" ſons, who are really not worthy your
" friendſhip."

" DOMESTIC peace!" ſhe repeated, " do-
" meſtic ſtupidity!—What on earth can
" be ſo dull, as we paſs our lives toge-
" ther—But come down, dear creature—I
" depend much on your eloquence—For
" go I muſt—and will too, let the con-
" ſequence be what it may."

ARPASIA, leaning on the arm of Lady Derville, deſcended to the drawing-room, where ſhe found his lordſhip, equally ſurprized and pleaſed at ſeeing her—But how did

did his appearance ſtrike her!—Diſtreſs and anxiety had worne him to the bone—making ſtill greater ravages in his fine figure, than illneſs had in hers—He trembled ſo much, as to be hardly able to pay her the cuſtomary compliments after her indiſpoſition and confinement.

It was impoſſible to enter on the buſineſs Charlotte had ſet her heart on, without ſome opening—Lord Derville was too much delighted by his wife bringing to his view, the woman ſo dear to him, and whom he had been ſo anxious to ſee, that he inſenſibly forgot the anger with which ſhe had flown from him—Charlotte hoping the good humour that reigned among them, would operate in her favour; felt eaſier than ſhe had done ſome time. Company came in—Mr. Travers arrived from London—The evening paſſed off very harmoniouſly, and Arpaſia as an invalid retired early, ſo that nothing was ſaid of the morrow's engagement—and Lady Derville not being quite aſſured of ſucceſs, thought this ceſſation a relief.

All

ALL the morning ſhe was preparing her dreſs, which was to be ſuperb in the fancy ſtyle—Lord Derville ſaw the preparations—and reminded her of his wiſh, ſhe would give up the ſcheme; he had heard a ſtill more unfavourable account from his uncle, and an aſſurance that very few women of character had accepted tickets—He repeated this circumſtance to her—he offered her every indulgence if ſhe would oblige him—She peremptorily told him, nothing on earth ſhould prevail on her not to go—Arpaſia intreated her to conſider, with an arrogance not uſual to her, ſhe ſeemed both to ſet the menace and intreaty at defiance.

IRRITATED by her obſtinacy, Lord Derville told her, if ſhe perſiſted in acting thus oppoſite to his will, one houſe ſhould no longer contain them. Arpaſia, ready almoſt to die, ſeized the hand of Charlotte, and with tears urged her not to caſt away her happineſs—Charlotte incorrigible, replied ſcornfully to the threat of her huſband,

band, that ſhe felt the utmoſt indifference for his reſolution, in conſequence of her pleaſing herſelf, which ſhe ſhould do at all events—Lady Marſden's carriage drove up to the door.

With a ſarcaſtic air, Charlotte turned to Arpaſia—"I thank you much for your "mediation—However, your behaviour is "juſt what I expected it to be—I fear not "having my conduct juſtified; and at the "ſame time, as I may not ſoon have an "opportunity again, I will do your lord-"ſhip this juſtice, that till you became "acquainted with Miſs Hanbury, I never "experienced the leaſt unkindneſs from "you—that ſhe has alienated your affec-"tions, is obvious to more than myſelf."

She haſtened to the door to meet Lady Marſden's ſervant—Arpaſia ſunk almoſt fainting on the window ſeat—"Stay Char-"lotte," cried his lordſhip—"Lady Der-"ville, I inſiſt on your explaining your-"ſelf."

"OH!" ſaid Arpaſia, "for Heaven's "ſake ſtop her! do not let her quit the "houſe under ſo cruel an idea of my baſe- "neſs."

SHE regarded them not, but haſted on, and was conveyed away in an inſtant.

WHAT a blow was this for Arpaſia!—All the pleaſing elegant ſchemes ſhe had planned, to ſweeten the hours of her future life, now vaniſhed from her ſight—The cottage, graced with his preſence, and ſanctified by Charlotte's accompanying him, ſwam from before her eyes—the pleaſing proſpect was waſhed away by her tears—What had been the loſs of her fortune compared to this?—Alas nothing!—But to be accuſed of alienating the love of a huſband from his wife—and that wife the friend who ſuccoured her in diſtreſs, how black the account appeared againſt her.

LORD DERVILLE approached her—"Oh! my ever amiable Miſs Hanbury," ſaid he, "how ſhall I hope for your for- "giveneſs, when you are ſo great a ſufferer "by

" by thoſe who belong to me?—Cruel,
" injurious Charlotte!—Too well thou
" knoweſt my affections were never of con-
" ſequence enough in your eſtimation, to
" attempt the gaining them!—Be not thus
" diſtreſſed—your tears overwhelm me
" with anguiſh—Why ſhould the unme-
" rited reproaches of that fooliſh incon-
" ſiderate creature have power to affect
" you thus?"—She roſe to quit the room
" —Oh! leave me not," cried he, " leave
" me not in anger; if you do, I know
" not what may be the conſequence of my
" deſpair—ſuffer me on my knees to im-
" plore your pity and forgiveneſs of my
" folly.—I in a moment of madneſs dared
" (no, it was not the effect of temerity—
" I knew not what I was doing or ſaying,)
" but I unhappily diſcloſed the paſſion,
" which has almoſt conſumed me—Diſ-
" tracted at the ſubſequent illneſs you ſuf-
" fered, I have never ſlept or enjoyed a
" moment's peace—Charlotte has perceived
" the effect of my grief, and from a deſire

" of wringing my heart, with all the re-
" finement of torture, has thrown out this
" hint againſt you—How am I puniſhed
" for my incapacity of with-holding my
" tendereſt affections from the moſt lovely,
" moſt amiable of her ſex."

" Oh! my lord," cried Arpaſia, ſtruggling to paſs him, " how improper for me
" to hear this diſcourſe—If deſpair urges
" you to utter ſuch things, reaſon and
" prudence demand me to avoid the hearing them—I hope to convince Lady
" Derville of the injury ſhe has done me,
" by her ſuſpicions, and then for ever re-
" tire where ſhe ſhall never again hear of
" the hapleſs Arpaſia."

" Is this then," ſaid he, " the laſt in-
" terview you will allow me?"

" The neceſſity, I hoped, would have
" been obvious to your lordſhip."

" Oh! Miſs Hanbury," he cried, " I
" cannot bear you ſhould leave me im-
" preſſed with the idea that your image
" reigns in the heart of a man void of the

" principles

" principles of honour. No, bright angel " as you are, your own pure boſom enter- " tains not thoughts more refined, more " delicate than mine harbours for you." He then entered into a detail of his matrimonial engagement, and his wiſh of being able to inſpire a paſſion in Charlotte's heart, and that he himſelf could feel a lively one for her. He laid open every thought to her view. He freely owned that he found his wife the leaſt formed to conſtitute his happineſs, and that her ſole joy was in ſpending her time in diſſipation and amuſements of every kind. " But," ſaid he, " the firſt moment I ſaw you I was " convinced—fatally convinced, that my " heart had till that moment never ſeen its " counterpart. One view of you fixed me " yours for ever. Oh !" continued he, " does Miſs Hanbury recollect the Blue " Domino ?"

ARPASIA demanded with ſurprize, why he aſked ?

HE went on — " I hardly know what I

" propoſed to myſelf from aſſuming that
" character, after declining attending you
" to the maſquerade. It was, I believe, to
" have an opportunity of diſcourſing with
" you freely. Yes, I was the perſon who
" was witneſs of your benevolent charity
" in Eveſham vale. Here," cried he, opening his pocket book, " is the very
" half guinea you beſtowed on honeſt
" Greenwood. I purchaſed it of him.
" And here is the copy of a little drawing
" which you made of the cottages in the
" glade. Do you remember the confuſion
" that ſeized me when I firſt ſaw you in
" Lady Derville's dreſſing-room ? — till
" that inſtant I knew not that ſhe was ac-
" quainted with you. But from the mo-
" ment of my ſeeing you in Eveſham vale,
" I too well knew I could never forget
" you. From the lips of that worthy
" creature, Greenwood, I heard the ſweet-
" eſt eulogium of your goodneſs, which
" was all confirmed from the ſteward of
" the Caſtle, Mr. Tomkins. Look at
" this

" this precious piece of money," ſaid he, kiſſing it and preſenting it to her. " It is " a proof—and bears the date of your " birth. You muſt recollect having it " once in your poſſeſſion. Behold this " drawing too, it is an exact copy, but in " my faithful heart is a yet better copy of " the elegant deſigner—no, I retract what " I have ſaid, it is the original herſelf that " lives, and will for ever live there."

" And ſhall you condemn the poor " inconſiderate Charlotte," ſaid Arpaſia with warmth, " while you thus freely " avow, although married, ſo ardent a " paſſion for another? Oh! debaſe me " not ſo much in my own opinion, by the " bitter reflection that I have inſpired ſo " unwarrantable an affection. I have " liſtened too patiently to it; but the an- " guiſh it has placed in my boſom is a " ſufficient puniſhment. I looked on you " as my friend, as one in whom I could " repoſe my moſt unlimited confidence.

" How have I been deceived where I hoped " I might have truſted !"

" No, I call heaven to atteſt the purity " of my love," he cried, " I never one " moment entertained a thought injurious " to you. That I adore you, I will not " attempt to deny. My paſſion is woven " in my exiſtence, which muſt ceaſe " ere that can leſſen. But have I, in the " ſmalleſt inſtance, wronged my wife ? I " have indulged her in every wiſh of her " heart. I have, when I could diſcover " her inclinations, even prevented her " forming a wiſh. Never have I ſought " to reſtrain her amuſements till now, " that they have taken a turn detrimental " to her reputation and my honour. I ſeek " not to build my juſtification on her " failings. Nothing ſhall make me deviate " from the path of rectitude. All I im- " plore is your forgiveneſs, which how- " ever I will not attempt to purchaſe, by " deceiving you into a belief that I will " tear your image from my breaſt. No, I

" will

" will never do ſo. When we are ſepa-
" rated from each other, I will cheriſh it
" with the fervor of a hermit for ſome
" loved relic of his favourite ſaint. Be-
" lieve me, ſuch is my veneration for
" your virtues, that I would not, for the
" advantages all the world could give me,
" even accept a favour from you, that
" ſhould ſully the purity of that virtue I
" ſo much admire, and which firſt im-
" preſſed my heart. What cauſe have you
" then to condemn me, who would not
" ſolicit, or even accept a conceſſion on
" your part that ſhould occaſion the ſigh
" of recollection to heave that dear boſom,
" if ever fate ſhould ſmile on ſo faithful a
" paſſion—if——"

" Oh! talk not of ifs," cried Arpaſia,
" nor let me longer liſten to ſuch ſeducing
" language. Believe me, my lord, my
" heart is relieved of great part of its an-
" guiſh in being able to think you leſs
" culpable than I at firſt thought. Be
" content with that acknowledgment from

" me; perhaps too free, your ſituation " conſidered. I will wait to ſee Lady " Derville, and hope I ſhall be able to " convince her of the injuſtice ſhe has " done me. Could I but have the felicity " of awakening in her heart a proper ſenſe " of what ſhe owes herſelf, her child, and " you, I ſhould then leave you with more " ſatisfaction. I may be happy enough " to be the peace-offering; and, if ſhe is " endued with the leaſt ſenſibility, ſhe " may, in the double relation of your " wife, and mother of your lovely Au- " guſta, become hereafter ſo dear to you, " as to obliterate the too tender affection " which you have unfortunately encour- " aged."

" You then wiſh me to forget you?" ſaid he, with a melancholy air.

" I WISH you to purſue thoſe ſteps as " will lead you to happineſs," ſhe anſwered. " And now," ſhe continued, " permit me " to thank you moſt ſincerely, for the " many acts of friendſhip I have received

" at

" at your hands. They will be ever dear " to my memory. I could not acquit my- " ſelf of ingratitude were I to ſay leſs. " And I hope I may ſo much rely on " your honour as to ſay this without in- " curring my own cenſure." The tears ſtole down her cheek. Lord Derville's eyes were full; he could hardly thank her for her goodneſs, her condeſcenſion; his voice faultered. The emotions of diſtreſs grew too painful to be ſuppreſſed; and, though he feared he was viewing her for the laſt time, yet he could not remain in the room without acting improperly. He haſtily quitted it. Arpaſia felt relieved by his abſence; ſhe could now freely indulge the ſorrow that oppreſſed her heart; yet, fearful of his returning and being again expoſed to the pain of parting, ſhe ſoftly ſtole up ſtairs to her chamber, to enjoy all the luxury of grief uninterruptedly.

A LITTLE after ten he ſent up a meſſage, merely out of a compliment, to know if

ſhe would chuſe to take her ſupper below. Being ſtill an invalid, her excuſe appeared not extraordinary to the ſervants; and in the dreſſing-room ſhe partook of a ſandwich, which he had the pleaſure of preparing for her.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIII.

The Elopement.

TOO diſturbed to think of ſleep, Arpaſia went into the nurſery, and ſat a long time contemplating the lovely innocent Auguſta, while in a ſweet ſlumber—but fearing her preſence reſtrained the nurſes and kept them up beyond their hour—ſhe returned to her chamber—unſettled, unhappy and in a train of thought not likely to calm her ſpirits, ſhe walked about her room for more than an hour—She then ſat herſelf down to make a retroſpect of the day—There was but one circumſtance that was not pregnant with mortification, diſappointment and vexation; this little gleam of comfort then iſſued from the delicate behaviour of Lord Derville—Though he had avowed the paſſion, he had before inadvertently diſcovered, yet he neither in word

word or action laid claim to more than ſhe was intitled to grant him—namely, her pity —He had of his own accord propoſed their final ſeparation—He only requeſted not to be thought "The vileſt of human beings" —His reſpect and veneration were conſpicuous in every look.—She might ſtill eſteem him; that felicity was left her; and for that bleſſing ſhe would be ever thankful to Heaven—This reflection ſoothed her ſelf-love—It did more towards calming her mind than any reaſoning or philoſophy could have effected.

"I will wait," ſaid ſhe, "till Char-
"lotte returns—I will, before I ſleep, re-
"concile myſelf to her—She ſhall not
"think ſhe has cauſe to accuſe me of in-
"gratitude, and ſo flagrant a breach of
"friendſhip, as fomenting a difference
"between a huſband and his wife."—
Theſe reſolutions and meditations engroſſed all her ideas ſo much, that ſhe knew not how the time paſſed—She heard the houſe clock for the firſt time—It ſtruck four.

The

The lateneſs of the hour alarmed her—ſhe gently rang her bell, as ſhe did not mean to keep Catharine out of her bed, though her own determination was fixed to wait till Lady Derville's return.

When her maid came up, ſhe told her, there was ſad doings below—that his lordſhip had ordered the carriage to go at three o'clock to the rooms, where the Fete was held—that the ſervants were juſt returned, with an account that Lady Derville, on their being announced to her, had ſent word they need not wait—they further ſaid, many people had quitted the rooms—That at four, Lord Derville had ordered the doors to be ſhut.

Arpasia heard the latter part of the intelligence with horror—ſhe waited not one moment to deliberate on her actions, but ran down ſtairs to the drawing-room, where ſhe found his lordſhip walking about the room in great agitation.

"Let me intreat you, my lord, for "Heaven's ſake" cried ſhe, "to coun-

"termand

" termand the order you have given, of
" ſhutting your doors!—Do not—Oh do
" not drive the poor inconſiderate Char-
" lotte to deſperation—You know not
" what the conſequence may be."

" She is herſelf totally regardleſs of
" conſequences," he replied—" My uncle
" has been here ſome hours ago—The per-
" ſons who compoſe the aſſembly, that
" weak and imprudent woman has gone
" to, in direct oppoſition to diſcretion and
" my intreaties; are ſuch as virtue would
" never aſſociate with—Mr. Travers has
" been informed of many circumſtances,
" that make it neceſſary I ſhould take other
" meaſures—leſt I am laughed at in the
" world, for tamely ſubmitting to the in-
" famy of my wife."

" Oh! not ſo, I hope—not ſo—Char-
" lotte has been too careleſs of her happi-
" neſs; but I truſt ſhe will yet ſee her
" error—You are too much diſcompoſed,
" my lord, to riſk ſeeing her to-night; ſuf-
" fer me to prevail on you to retire to bed
" —Judge

" —Judge of the intereſt I take in your " peace, by the diſtreſs I feel, at the haſty " reſolution you have taken. Do, my good " Lord Derville, you know not how " much depends on the event; retract your " commands. May I not be permitted to " ring the bell?"

" You may do any thing *with* me," he replied, " But ſee you not how much a " huſband's honour ſuffers by the conduct " of his wife?"

" I HOPE to have the comfort of re- " conciling you both, and convincing my " long loved Charlotte, that there can be " no happineſs like the domeſtic, and " then—"

" WHAT then?" cried Lord Derville, eagerly, " What then, my deareſt Miſs " Hanbury?"

" THEN," ſhe replied " I ſhall not have " a wiſh unſatisfied."

THE countenance of Lord Derville changed to the deepeſt melancholy. Arpaſia continued—" You will follow my " advice

" advice and retire to bed—I will ſee " Charlotte, I hope Heaven will further " my endeavours of awakening her ſen- " ſibility, and that I ſhall hear ſhe has " ſought you out, and never left you, till " a perfect reconciliation has been ob- " tained. You may, perhaps, from this " day's event date happier ones, than yet " you have known—That you may, is my " earneſt, my almoſt only requeſt to the " Almighty !"

" Oh !" cried he with emotion, " you " ſhall direct—ſhall guide me in every " thing—Leave me but the melancholy " privilege of memory—Interdict me not " there, and I will ſubmit to any thing."

Arpasia thought it moſt prudent to hold no further converſe with him, as ſhe had gained her point and the facility with which ſhe could influence him, as it increaſed her regard, it increaſed her concern likewiſe, at the thought that ſhe muſt be conſtrained to reſign his friendſhip for ever.

THE remainder of the night ſhe waited but no Lady Derville returned—The boſom of Arpaſia began to fill with a thouſand fears—Her too ready apprehenſion pictured to her the rage of Lord Derville, and injured, as he conceived himſelf by Colonel Howitzer, he would ſeek him, and the conſequence might be the death of both — The terrible images haunted her mind—Her preſages grew too gloomy, ſhe gaſped for breath, and almoſt fainted, from the horror the idea had conjured up.

HAPPILY ſhe thought of Mr. Travers; ſhe wrote a few lines to him, intreating him to come immediately, as her fears of what would be the effect of Lord Derville's riſing and finding his wife had not yet returned—at nine in the morning—were too violent to know how to act for the beſt.

THE good man inſtantly obeyed her ſummons, but could afford her little conſolation — She however conceived great hopes that his prudent council would prevent any miſchief to Lord Derville—and

that

that yet matters might be adjuſted by conciliatory meaſures, which ſhe ſtill flattered herſelf would melt the heart of Charlotte. The reſult of their conference, was to ſend to the lodgings of the colonel—He had not been at home all night—Lady Marſden had returned from the Fete, between two and three—" Oh! good God," exclaimed Arpaſia, " where then can the " poor infatuated creature be!"

" LAUGHING with her gallant at the " buſtle ſhe has made at ſo public a place " as Brighton; and at the diſgrace ſhe has " brought on her family."

" OH no! I cannot believe ſo hardly " of her, ſhe has had ill-adviſers—They " have inſtilled into her mind, that I am " not her friend—Oh! how much I am " ſo!—Dear Charlotte, would to Heaven " I could lure thee back"—She ſtarted on hearing Lord Derville's bell—" Pray, my " dear ſir," ſhe cried to Mr. Travers—" Do go to his room, before a ſervant is " admitted",

" admitted"—ſhe haſtened into the hall to ſtop any one going up.

Mr. TRAVERS found ſome difficulty in reſtraining Lord Derville from ſetting forth to make enquiry after the colonel, as he was but too well convinced in his own idea, that the imprudent Charlotte had put herſelf under his protection—Mr. Travers, however diſſuaded him from ſo wild an attempt, and promiſed he himſelf would go to Lady Marſden, who was moſt likely to be acquainted with all her movements—In ſearch then of intelligence, though without hope of its being ſuch, as would even paliate the diſgrace of Charlotte's conduct, he poſted away to the fair dowager.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIV.

The Fine Lady.

IT was almoſt too early an hour to promiſe admittance into a fine lady's *ruelle*, even at a watering place. After waiting near an hour, Mr. Travers was introduced to the dreſſing-room of Lady Marſden. She was ſipping coffee in a negligent manner, with an humble companion, a lap dog and a parrot. The lap-dog was by much the moſt amiable of the ſet, the parrot and the ſhe-friend talked by rote, the latter echoing the ſenſe of her patroneſs.

SHE had flattered herſelf that her viſitor was the injured huſband, and had decorated her perſon in the moſt alluring ſtyle of careleſs elegance, as ſoon as ſhe heard there had been a meſſage of enquiry from his lordſhip's. Her diſappointment when Mr.

Mr. Travers was adnounced caſt a gloom on her features, which by no means contributed to heighten the brilliancy of her morning looks—for it is well known that an evening and morning beauty are two things.

Travers, in his honeſt blunt manner, entered on the object of his embaſſy directly. At firſt the lady expreſſed her ſurpriſe why the enquiry ſhould be made of her. He aſſured her it was well-known Lady Derville had been in her party the preceding evening; and it could not be a ſecret to her, that ſhe had not ſince returnedt o her huſband's houſe.

Her ladyſhip, finding Travers was maſter of the ſtory, and from a certain freedom in his manner, too plainly ſhewing that he did not entertain the higheſt opinion of her, thought proper to enter into the juſtification of Lady Derville. "Why, "Mr. Travers," ſaid ſhe, "not that I "pretend to entirely acquit her lady-"ſhip of imprudence, yet you muſt allow

"her

" her provocation was enough to have " determined any woman of ſpirit to act, " in ſome meaſure, as ſhe has done."

TRAVERS interrupted her not, thinking, as Sterne ſays, he ſhould not know the ſooner what ſhe aimed at by aſking the queſtion. She went on—" Miſs Benſon " here can witneſs for me, how often I " have lamented the peculiar ill treatment " of Lady Derville."

" Oh! yes, that ſhe had often and " often, a hundred times if poſſible."

TRAVERS was all ear and ſurpriſe. " For, my good ſir, think how very hard " to have a particular friend, one to whom " ſhe had ſhewn the utmoſt kindneſs, to " have her creating differences between a " man and his wife. I am ſure I could not " bear it, as I have told Miſs Benſon over " and over; and, not only to make quar- " rels, but really carry on an intrigue " under her very eye."

" CAN your ladyſhip allude to Miſs " Hanbury?" aſked Travers, out of breath with eagerneſs. " MOST

"MOST certainly—their ſhameful fami-
"liarity was obvious to every body."

"BY Heaven, it is falſe!" cried he, in a voice that made both the ſnakes tremble.

"OH! ſir, pardon me, my friend, Lady
"Derville, had too many proofs."

"I CAN hear no more. Your ladyſhip
"muſt not relate ſuch ſcandalous falſ-
"hoods, but to toad-eaters and led-cap-
"tains. Your ſervant, madam. Only
"let me tell you the reputation of an Ar-
"paſia is not to be trifled with. Her
"virtue ſhould ſtrike ſuch worthleſs be-
"ings with awe. It may be injured, but
"cannot be leſſened by ſuch ſcandal." Saying which, in great wrath, he hurried out of the room without his errand, which was to have learned more information of the fugitive. He neither ſaw or heard any body till he entered the breakfaſt parlour at Lord Derville's; where, throwing himſelf into an arm-chair, all in a heat by walking faſt and paſſion, he was unable to ſpeak for a minute. At laſt—"Well,

" here are fine doings indeed," ſaid he, " Who will they accuſe next, I wonder? " Oh! that their tongues were bliſtered " by every word of ſcandal they utter!"

THERE ſeemed no end to his expletives. Arpaſia, who entered the room when ſhe heard him come in, with the ſweeteſt and gentleſt voice, aſked him what had been the reſult of his enquiry after her unhappy friend?

" WHO," ſaid he, gazing on her, " ſhall " eſcape, when ſuch an angel as this is " calumniated? And yet the mouths of " theſe infernal wretches muſt be ſtopped." Both Lord Derville and Arpaſia became all eagerneſs to know what he meant. " Well may you be ſurpriſed," continued he, " at my incoherent diſcourſe; the in- " formation I have heard has almoſt " turned my brain. Could any one be- " lieve, to ſhelter her own infamy, that " your wife ſhould alledge a cauſe in your " infidelity with Miſs Hanbury?"

" WITH Miſs Hanbury?"

" YES;

"YES; and that your ſhameful fami-
"liarity had induced her to take the ſteps
"ſhe has."

"CAN any one believe ſo vilely of me?" aſked the poor Arpaſia, with a voice of terror, and a face pale as aſhes.

"No, my amiable young friend, no one
"whoſe hearts are not intereſted to utter
"falſhoods can believe it."

"MAY Heaven forſake me for ever," cried Lord Derville, "if ever calumny
"was ſo little deſerved! Oh! Miſs Han-
"bury, will you not execrate the day on
"which you honoured our houſe with
"your preſence? My dear uncle, I am
"ſure you know my principles, and know
"that my heart would deteſt the idea of
"giving cauſe for ſuch cenſure, but that
"they ſhould join in vilifying the beſt,
"the moſt virtuous of her ſex, calls for
"the loudeſt chaſtiſement."

"AND what will you do? Will draw-
"ing your ſword, and embruing your
"hands in blood, be the means of vindi-

" cating Arpaſia's fame? No, it would " be only pointing the arrow to wound " her reputation ſtill more."

" Oh! my lord," ſaid Arpaſia, " do " not undertake ſo hazardous a buſineſs. " What but conſcious innocence could " ſupport me againſt the malevolence of " evil tongues. I thank my God," continued ſhe, dropping down on her knees, and lifting up her claſped hands, while the tears trickled from her eyes—" I thank " my God, I feel, I know myſelf innocent " in word, thought, and deed." She roſe, and wiping away the faſt-dropping tears— " But that the friend of my early youth, " that my Charlotte ſhould be my accuſer. " There I am vulnerable, there they have " power to wound me!" Her gentle ſoul melted at the reflection that ſhe whom ſhe had for years loved, ſhould be thus turned againſt her. She could not reſtrain her ſorrow, ſhe hid her face in her handkerchief and ſobbed aloud. What a ſcene was this for Lord Derville? He threw himſelf

himſelf on his knees before her, "Oh! "Miſs Hanbury," ſaid he, in a voice almoſt choaked with grief. "Dare ſuch "a wretch as I remain a moment longer "in your preſence? Will not this infa- "mous report make the very name of "Derville poiſon to your ears! That I— "that *I* ſhould be the accurſed means of "ſtigmatiſing your character; *I*, who "would have died the moſt cruel of "deaths to have ſaved you the ſmalleſt "pain?"

"My dear nephew," ſaid Travers, clapping him on the ſhoulder, "Is it thus "you are ſeeking to remove the ſuſpicion "of your attachment to Miſs Hanbury? "by ſuch paſſionate looks and expreſſions?"

"Oh!" anſwered he, "if it is a crime "to adore virtue, beauty, elegance, and "all that is perfection in woman, then am "I the guilticſt of beings. But if ever "that adoration was ſullied with the leaſt "thought, that chaſtity might not avow "to the whole world, may the moſt un-

" heard-of torments befal me this mo-
" ment! That I love her! Oh! my
" dear uncle," continued he, throwing himſelf on his neck, and weeping like an infant—" Can it be wondered I ſhould
" love her? Such goodneſs, ſuch more
" than mortal perfection! But that I ever
" ſought hers in return, with what clear-
" neſs I can acquit myſelf. My vows to
" Charlotte have been inviolate. I ſtrove
" to love her when ſhe was my wife. I
" never could diſcover one quality to en-
" gage my eſteem. Too delicate in my
" ſentiments to be attached to perſon
" alone, I felt a *vacuum* in my heart, till
" one day—one fatal day I muſt call it,
" ſince the peace of the lovelieſt beſt of
" beings, is affected by its event—acciden-
" tally I beheld Miſs Hanbury. I knew
" not Lady Derville had ſuch an acquain-
" tance. The moment I ſaw her my
" heart aſſimilated towards her; ſhe was
" in the act, the moſt delightful to that
" Heaven ſhe is the immediate pattern of,
" relieving

" relieving indigent age; I could not
" help making a comparison between her
" and the woman I was destined to call
" wife; it was not the beauty of her
" person I compared with Charlotte's—no,
" it was the virtues of her heart. I learned
" her whole story. I could not help regret-
" ting, with a sigh, that Heaven had not
" given me such a partner to pass my life
" with! Sometime after I returned home,
" on entering Lady Derville's dressing-
" room, I thought I saw her with her child
" in her arms; so unusual a sight made
" me exclaim how happy it made me—
" when, on the sound of my voice she
" turned round. Oh! what became of
" me, when the dear angel, whose image
" had never one moment left my thoughts,
" now appeared in the most engaging of
" attitudes and employments. But I re-
" strained myself. I kept the most fer-
" vent, the most pure of all passions close
" confined within my own bosom. I did
" myself so much violence as to become

" an interceſſor with her for Sir James
" Hawley. Never ſhould the beloved,
" revered object have known the power
" ſhe had in my heart, had it not been
" for the near approach, as I thought, of
" death to us both. I could not in that
" moment which ſeemed going to divide
" us for ever, reſtrain the emotions of my
" heart; but ſhe knows, and can tell you
" —I had propoſed an eternal baniſhment
" to myſelf. I thought laſt night, that my
" eyes would never again behold her.
" Oh! that they never had, (though they
" have no other comfort of or uſe for
" ſight) ſince malevolent tongues have
" dared to traduce ſuch matchleſs worth!"

The old man had been ſobbing almoſt the whole time Lord Derville ſpoke—" Oh!" cried he, " ſuch a pair ſhould " not have been divided! But, my dear " nephew, ſomething muſt be done. The " eſtabliſhment of Miſs Hanbury's fame " muſt be the firſt object."

" Oh!"

"OH! loſe not a thought on me," ſhe cried. "Doomed to misfortune and obſcu-
"rity, it matters not what becomes of me
"—And after all, it is but accelerating my
"plan of retirement. Seen in the world
"but a ſhort time, I ſhall ſoon be for-
"gotten when ſeen no longer."

"No; you muſt allow me, as having
"lived more than three times your age, to
"know ſomething more of the world
"than yourſelf. Be guided by me. I ſhall
"beg the favour of you to accompany me
"directly to my ſiſter, Lady Anne. She
"loves you. She has ſeen (and for her
"dear nephew's ſake lamented with me)
"the levity, for then we hoped it was no
"more, of his wife. She will gladly re-
"ceive you. Her credit with a world,
"that too often judges from appearances,
"will have great weight in its opinion of
"you. You, my dear Derville, ſhall
"give me your honour to remain quietly
"here, till my return from depoſiting my

" ſweet charge in ſafety. We will then fall " on ſome plan for our future operations."

ARPASIA moſt thankfully accepted of ſo eligible an aſylum as the houſe of Lady Anne. " May I, however," ſaid ſhe, " preſume to make an addition. I think " my excellent Mr. Travers will indulge " me. It is to take the dear little Auguſta " with me."

" OH ! God !" exclaimed Lord Derville, " and is it thus I am to be taught " to ſtrengthen my heart againſt its fond " attachment ?"

ARPASIA thought it beſt no take no notice of this ſally of his lordſhip. She haſtened out of the room, to apprize her maid and the nurſe with the arrangement that was made—and in an hour ſhe was ſeated by her good friend, with the two female attendants—and the ſweet infant, who was ſo inexpreſſibly dear to her, playing in her lap.

SHE would not endanger Lord Derville's peace by taking leave of him, and indeed

it

it would have been almoſt too much for her. His ſufferings and merit had made a very tender intereſt in her boſom. She had always eſteemed him; and his paſſion, at once ſo pure and reſpectful, was not likely to leſſen it. Though ſhe poſſeſſed not the weakneſs ſo common to the ſex of indulging an affection which circumſtances rendered illaudable. She had for ſome time taken the reſolution of never marrying, ſince the duties of a wife ſhe judged incompatible with the ſentiments ſhe wiſhed not to repreſs for ſo amiable a man.

As the female ſervants were in the coach, their converſation could only be on general ſubjects. They reached Ryegate that night, from whence Mr. Travers diſpatched one of his ſervants to Lady Anne to apprize her of the addition that would be made to her family. The next day, Arpaſia found herſelf quite ſettled with this worthy woman, who contributed all in her power to raiſe her ſometimes drooping ſpirits.

CHAP. XLV.

A Second Removal.

ARPASIA had but one objection to remaining with Lady Anne, which was, that ſhe deprived that lady at ſeeing her nephew, of whom ſhe was extremely fond. And, added to her own wiſh, not be too much expoſed to the danger of his ſociety after his *eclairciſement*, it would have ſtrengthened the ill opinion the world had already conceived of her, if ſhe was ſeen at any time in his company—With that candour and openneſs ſhe ever adhered to, mentioned her thoughts to her good friend, who immediately ſaw the wiſdom of it—After ſome weeks, when the countenance of Lady Anne had done away all ſurmiſe of diſgrace in the eyes of the diſcerning, Arpaſia was conducted by her to Mrs. Travers, the widow of the late general, who

who lived in retirement, at Hornchurch in Eſſex.—She was not wholly a ſtranger to the perſon of Arpaſia; having dined with her once at Lady Anne's, when ſhe was in town on buſineſs relative to her penſion—As ſhe lived much alone, the proſpect of ſo pleaſing a companion, was acceptable to her—and the circumſtance of being without much company ſuited the mind of Arpaſia—Here ſhe thought ſhe could remain, at leaſt till her legacy was paid, ſhe intirely gave up the idea of going to law with her uncle—Her income, to be ſure, was very circumſcribed, but as ſhe was ſickened of the world, the produce of the principle, would ſupport her well enough with her faithful Catharine, who had declared ſhe would never leave her.

Mr. Travers returned to Brighton within two hours after he had delivered Arpaſia, with her young companion, in truſt to Lady Anne—and got to his nephew late at night, being unwilling to leave him too long a prey to his own melancholy

lancholy ideas—He had, however, buſied himſelf with making every enquiry after the fugitives, but could learn no ſatisfactory intelligence; when Mr. Travers returned, they examined the ſervants, not one of whom was miſſing—The perſon who was the immediate attendant of Lady Derville, declared, ſhe had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of her intentions, nor had ſhe ever known of her receiving a letter or meſſage from the colonel—In this age of gaiety there is little occaſion for confidants; ſo many public places and large aſſemblies in private houſes, render the facility of intrigues very obvious—And when people make a practice of viſiting three or four different places in one night, there can be no difficulty of communication with a favourite gallant, unnoticed by the multitude—Mr. Travers would not—and Lord Derville could not make a ſecond attempt, to gain information from Lady Marſden, though they were both convinced, ſhe alone had been privy to the elopement—

No

No trace could be diſcovered, but as a veſſel had ſailed early that morning for Dieppe, it was moſt probable they had proceeded to the continent.

At the deſire of Derville, Mr. Travers wrote to Mr. Bromley, giving a long account of his daughter's abſenting herſelf from her family, and if ſhe had not taken the route to Berkſhire, he much feared ſhe was gone on a worſe deſign.

They then ſat off for London, as their ſtay at Brighton was unneceſſary, whither as ſoon as the poſt could reach them, a letter arrived from Mr. Bromley, bewailing with moſt bitter grief the abſence of his dear child, who had been driven into this raſh meaſure, by the cruel uſage of her huſband, as he had learned from a letter ſhe had written to him; on which ſhe had palliated her conduct by the occaſion that cauſed it, an illicit amour between Lord Derville and her falſe friend, whom ſhe had ſuccoured at the time of her diſtreſs; and from whoſe recent behaviour, ſhe had

too

too much reaſon to believe, that the ſmall fortune her grandfather left her, was owing to ſomething bad in her character; though ſhe had artfully gloſſed the affair over, ſo as to deceive her to the ruin of her peace. She hoped her dear father would not give credit to many falſe reports, which ſhe doubted not would be circulated to her diſadvantage, as ſhe too well knew the cenſure a woman incurs by making an appeal to the world, from the cruelty of an huſband; ſhe hoped too, ſhe ſhould meet with the juſtice and candour ſhe ſhould ever adopt, and which induced her to declare, that till the unfortunate admiſſion of Miſs Hanbury into their family, there never could be a happier couple than they.

THE remainder of Mr. Bromley's letter was filled with a general invective againſt Arpaſia, which was not likely to make it entertaining to either Lord Derville or Mr. Travers; the former ſo well knowing her innocence, and the latter revering her virtues.

CHARLOTTE

CHARLOTTE had artfully evaded letting her father know where ſhe had concealed herſelf—The poſt mark was London, but that could lead to no information—All then they could expect was, that ſome of them ſhould hear from her when her finances ran ſhort. They could not for a certainty know how ſhe was provided with money—Her allowance was a very ample one, ſuitable to the fortune ſhe brought—on enquiry, ſhe had ſome debts with her trades people, but not to a large amount. Very few of her cloaths were taken, ſo that ſhe muſt expend a good ſum in procuring proper dreſſes, &c.

MR. TRAVERS, however, thought it incumbent on him to aſſert the innocence of Arpaſia, who was ſuffering the greateſt injury by Mr. Bromley's opinion of her.—He therefore took a journey into Berkſhire, being indefatigable in the cauſe—and as the ſtrongeſt proof, brought that of the countenance afforded her by Lady Anne, than which nothing could operate

more

more powerfully with ſuch a man as Bromley, who idolized any body that was poſſeſſed of a title—He mentioned another corroborating circumſtance, of an offer ſhe had received from Sir William Welbank, who did not think her character at all tarniſhed by the unjuſt ſlur that had been thrown on it, from the wicked deſigns of one party, and malevolent diſpoſition of another—It was a cruel circumſtance too for Mr. Bromley, to acknowledge the virtue of Arpaſia, as it tacitly ſtigmatized his only child; yet as he had not a bad heart, he paid the more attention to the aſſertions of Mr. Travers, of whoſe knowledge and worth he entertained the higheſt idea.

THE diſgrace which the cuſtom of the world annexes to the huſband, whoſe wife is unfaithful, preyed on the ſpirits of Lord Derville—Joined to this, he felt

"A painful anguiſh pining at his heart."

His love, his veneration for the amiable Arpaſia, increaſed every hour—and the

prudent neceſſity there reigned, of his giving up her acquaintance contributed to his diſquiet—What, never to ſee her! Never to liſten to the angelic ſound of her voice, and hear the wiſdom of a Minerva, with the chaſtity of a Diana, and the ſoftneſs of all the Graces, flowing from her divine lips!—To be looked on no longer as her friend—Nay, to have the piercing reflection that ſhe had ſuffered by his friendſhip, more than ſhe could have done from his enmity—Oh! how ſevere ſuch retroſpections!—How did he execrate himſelf for being the cauſe—the innocent cauſe of pain and trouble to a woman, whom to have cheriſhed through life, would have been to make his own the moſt felicitous that mortal man could know.

MANY of his friends adviſed him if poſſible, to procure a divorce, as the frequency of ſuch affairs took off the diſgrace—and as even Divine Authority gave a ſanction to the diſſolving a marriage that had been violated—Oh! thought he, if I could

could but flatter myſelf, that my beloved Arpaſia would receive my hand, when I once more was free to offer it, how gladly would I accede to the propoſitions! However, the thing was by no means eaſy to accompliſh—Lady Derville had never intruſted any one with her ſecret tranſactions, and her ſituation at preſent was intirely unknown. There was every concurrent circumſtance to induce them to believe, ſhe was with Colonel Howitzer, as they had diſappeared together; but to procure proofs of their criminality muſt be reſerved to ſome future period, if ever they could be obtained.

Torn with a thouſand conflicting paſſions, his health declined very faſt—And thoſe, who knew not, that "what paſſed "within baffled all deſcription," were loudeſt in their cenſure of Lady Derville, for abandoning a man who was breaking his heart for her loſs.—The pity of theſe hurt him more than any thing elſe—He knew on ſuch terms he merited it not—

Charlotte

Charlotte had no one good quality to endear her to his heart—He could not on the niceſt inveſtigation diſcover ſhe had ever done one ſingle act of charity ſince ſhe had been his wife—Her tears never flowed but from the diſappointment of ſome party of pleaſure—and like a child's ſorrow, it was appeaſed as ſoon as ſomething elſe was ſtarted to amuſe her—How was it poſſible for ſuch a character to be beloved by Arpaſia, whoſe own was ſo diametrically oppoſite in every part of it?—They had been educated together at ſchool. Among the number of young ladies on that eſtabliſhment they were every one intitled to very large fortunes except Charlotte—It has been before obſerved, the ruling paſſion of Mr. Bromley was vanity—Induced by that deſtructive principle, he aſſociated his daughter with perſons much her ſuperiors, in hopes ſomehow or other by their connections to aggrandize Charlotte—There were notwithſtanding many indulgences which ſhe was precluded from, many accompliſhments,

compliſhments, which girls, whether they have a taſte for them or not, are ambitious of having inſtructions in, as it gives them an *eclat* with the other ſcholars, but which the very moderate income of Mr. Bromley could not afford—Arpaſia's heart was endued with benevolence; for it ſhewed itſelf before ſhe could pronounce the word, or knew its meaning and extent—Surrounded as ſhe was with every bleſſing which affluence could beſtow, and likewiſe ſeeing the reſt of the ſchool applying themſelves to the various works of fancy and genius, which in theſe modern times adorn the female education; ſhe pitied Charlotte Bromley, whom her partiality judged as capable of ſhining in theſe employments as her compeers—Charlotte too, uſed to lament the difference which a few thouſands made between herſelf and companions—It was enough for Arpaſia—In a little time it was not her fault, if Charlotte made not an equal proficiency with the others, as ſhe received inſtructions from all the maſters.

THE

THE mind of Charlotte was ductile, and had ſhe always continued under the eye of Arpaſia, her heart would not have been corrupted; but ſhe was without ſettled principles, and a perfect inſtance of Pope's illuſtration, "that woman has no character "at ail." In every thing Arpaſia had the lead. Was there any object of compaſſion, Arpaſia's purſe was firſt out. Her tear gave the hint to Charlotte to expreſs commiſeration, and lament, as ſhe ſeldom failed to do, that her means were ſo inadequate to the feelings of a generous heart. Arpaſia gave her credit for theſe feelings, but always conſoled her that the ſmalleſt trifle given with good will was acceptable in the ſight of Heaven, who would bleſs the donation in proportion to the virtue of the donor. This doctrine ſuited her very well; and ſhe really cheated herſelf into the belief that had ſhe the poſſeſſions of Arpaſia, ſhe ſhould act as Arpaſia did. She not only deceived herſelf, but Arpaſia likewiſe, and unwilling was ſhe to take up a different

a different opinion of Lady Derville from that ſhe had for years borne Charlotte Bromley. She ſtrove to view her actions in the moſt favourable light, making every allowance for youth and ſituation, without taking into the account that her age was the ſame; and that no change of ſituation, as ſhe had proved, could work an alteration in her own ſentiments — but thus ſhe judged of every one with candour and indulgence.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.